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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1908.

The Week.

Tariff reformers have been described as amiable dreamers. "Visionaries," they have been told they were almost as often as "doctrinaires." Hard-headed men in actual contact with the rude facts have said that it was all very well to take high moral ground about an iniquitous tariff, but plans for reform were absolutely impracticable. "My dear fellow, you don't know all the political ins and outs of the tariff as well as I do, and for you to imagine that duties can be changed, or the protected interests induced to yield anything, without a political convulsion and the ripping of business to pieces, shows that you are living in an unreal world." Well, unreality for unreality, and dream for dream, we would back the present Republican scheme for revising the tariff against the most baseless fabric of the reformer's vision. The whole thing is innocently set forth in Tuesday's New York *Tribune*, in a dispatch from its Washington correspondent. There are to be no "blasts of trumpets," but the Senate Finance Committee and the Ways and Means Committee of the House are to be authorized to set quietly to work during the recess. They will "conduct such examination into the tariff schedules as may be deemed wise." They will study the mass of "statistics" prepared by Treasury experts. There will be "no public hearings," no "widely advertised consideration of particular schedules to upset business and frighten importers," but just a plain, steady, business-like preparation, so that when Congress next meets it will find not only that the party is pledged to tariff revision, but that "a considerable amount of preliminary work" has been already done. This tale is idyllic in its simplicity. On what drowsy syrup have these Republican tariff-revisers been feeding? Have the woes and buffetings of the men who have in the past tried to reduce the tariff been wasted on the existing generation of politicians?

Translated into terms of hard fact, what would be the actual procedure of a tariff-revising committee headed by Senator Aldrich? Why, the protected manufacturers would be down upon it instantly, like a wolf on the fold. They would demand to be informed whether their particular schedules were being "examined." If so, the committee would be told bluntly that it had better drop the subject at once. And only think of these secret inquiries being held while a Presidential election is pending! More fat would be fried than schedules altered. It would be an unequalled opportunity for the tariff blackmailers. Granting that some sincere Republicans might be on the committee, are they prepared to meet manufacturers whose protection they propose to take away? Better encounter a lioness robbed of her whelps? The truth is that all this prediction of injustice and oppression and special privilege being expunged from the protective tariff without an open struggle is concentrated humbug. The country has been given these smooth prophesyings for years, and has come not to believe a word of them. In the March *Atlantic*, the historian, William Garrott Brown, writes strongly of the way in which the Republicans have played fast and loose with the people, in this matter of tariff revision:

> For six years we have waited in vain for President Roosevelt to affirm or to controvert the last and on the whole the most important announcement of policy President McKinley ever made. He has never moved in that matter, nor has he even explained why he does not move. And now, as his Administration approaches its end, the man whom he would have us take for his successor will go no farther than to reclare for tariff revision—after the election! That, of course, means after the election of a Republican President and Congress. It means, therefore, revision by a House of Representatives under the control of Speaker Cannon and a Senate under the guidance of Senator Aldrich.

In reality, the Republican party lies bound hand and foot in the tariff prison-house. The standpatters will not allow it to budge. Secretary Taft, seconded by President Roosevelt, goes again and again to Congress to get a little tariff mercy for the Filipinos, but is rebuffed every time. The protected interests feel that they own the party, and do not propose to permit it to venture upon the smallest beginning of justice. In view of their determined attitude, and the pitiable helplessness before it of the Republican leaders, the idea that tariff revision can be got furtively, as it were, and without any fight at all, is ludicrous.

With such detailed proof as comes from Virginia of officeholders running political conventions, how can the President fail to act? The dispatches give the names, not only of postmasters, but of rural-delivery carriers, leaving their work to help control a district for Taft. Mr. Roosevelt assured Mr. Foulke that he would not allow this to be done; yet here are his orders disobeyed just over the Potomac. If the President continues to turn his blind eye to all this defiance of his own commands and of decency, why does not the Civil Service Commission bestir itself? A part of its business is to prevent such violations of the law. Last year it restrained some North Carolina postmasters from meddling in politics. Cannot it now see as far as Virginia? We have quoted President Roosevelt's round assertion that "no government office should be used . . . for the purpose of electing delegates to a nominating convention"; and his declaration that the people should be left to manage politics "without interference and dictation" by officeholders. On what ground can his allowing that kind of thing now be justified? Possibly, the phrase of the Marquis of Zetland may help us. He recently attacked the Liberal leaders, because, he said, "they have not the moral courage to swallow their previous utterances." But President Roosevelt is unsurpassed for moral courage.

The favorable report on the Fowler currency bill by the House Committee on Banking and Currency brings that measure more definitely before the public. It is avowedly revolutionary, in the sense that it retires, under a rather unusual proviso, all of the banknotes at present based on government bonds, substituting new credit notes under an entirely new machinery; that it introduces the deposit-guarantee device; and that it opens to national banks the right to enter on the business now transacted by both the trust companies and the savings banks. With some of the innovations proposed by the bill we are heartily in sympathy—notably with the general plan for reversion to an asset currency. But whether such a plan can safely be complicated with provisions not essential to proper currency reform, and involving serious problems in altogether different fields, is another matter. Nor can we by any means agree with the statement that unless reform legislation is enacted at a moment when the panic shock has converged the public mind on currency problems, it will not be enacted at all. The whole history of our currency legislation proves the contrary. Had the measures proposed in the session following 1873 and 1893 been enacted into law, great harm would have been done, and wise currency reform would have been indefinitely retarded. So far was it from true, moreover, that failure to pass such measures in the immediate aftermath of those panics prevented further consideration of the problem, that the two greatest achievements of the past generation in currency reform—the Specie Resumption Act and the Gold Standard Act—came each to a vote in much more than a year after the panic of which, in a sense, they

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were the outcome. The one was passed in December of 1875; the other in March of 1900. Each was the product of thorough public discussion and of matured legislative consideration during the intervening period.

A Constitutional objection has been raised against the projects for forestry reserves in the White Mountains and the Appalachians. The immense forest reserves in the West were made for a specific purpose out of lands which the government already owned, at least in chief part. But the power to acquire for forestry purposes tracts now in private or State ownership is, it is contended, nowhere granted by the Constitution. The advocates of the plan reply that the power of the government over navigable streams involves the right to adopt any policy which is necessary to prevent or remove obstructions to our waterways. To those who think of forestry as merely the science of cutting down old trees and planting new for lumber, this may sound like a technical defence, justifying a great project of doubtful legality because one of its remote incidental benefits brings it under the Federal jurisdiction. In fact, the conservation of water courses is not a remote but one of the primary purposes of modern forestry. The best authorities believe that, with the denuding of the mountain ranges in which they arise, the rivers of New England and the South will lose a great part of their value to the regions through which they flow, becoming subject to flood and dearth alike.

In forbidding the payment of the "scrip dividend" declared by the Erie Railroad last August, the Public Service Commission goes to the root of things. The directors voted semi-annual dividends at the rate of 2 per cent. on the company's $47,000,000 first preferred and 4 per cent. on the $16,000,000 second preferred. The $1,596,000 requisite for the payment had been earned, but the directors, foreseeing that cash would be needed during the approaching period of trade depression, decided to pay the dividend, not in cash, but in scrip bearing 4 per cent. interest and redeemable in 1917. The Public Service Commission sweeps away all subtleties and points out that what the directors proposed to do was to put the company in debt for the purpose of paying dividends. Now, the law permits the incurring of such long-term debt for four purposes only—acquisition of property, extension or improvement of facilities, maintenance of service, and refunding of outstanding obligations. In the present case, none of these four purposes is proposed or would be attained. The company, as a company, gets nothing in return for the ten-year evidences of debt which it puts out. The "scrip dividend" is therefore forbidden. The wisdom of this decision cannot be fairly questioned. When the Erie directors voted the dividend, last August, their action was in principle a reversion to a vicious expedient, practised with unfortunate results in the haphazard railway finance of a generation ago. It is time for railway directors to learn that if it is not safe to pay a dividend, the dividend ought not to be paid at all.

If the proceedings in Superintendent Kelsey's case had been at all, as they pretended to be, judicial in character, ample time would have been given to Mr. Fleming to answer the allegations of Kelsey's counsel. As it was, but a scant twenty-four hours were allowed, and the matter had to be hurried to Albany, where it received not the slightest consideration. The Senate had its mind made up, irrespective of the evidence. Even in the short time at his disposal, Mr. Fleming was able to make a very damaging rejoinder to Kelsey's defence. He showed it to be full of evasion, misrepresentation, and garbling. By repeating some of the critical testimony taken at the inquiry, including Kelsey's own, Mr. Fleming heightened the general conviction that the Superintendent of Insurance has shown himself negligent and incompetent. But the Senate was notoriously governed in its action on the case by motives wholly personal and political. The pro-Kelsey men had "got the votes," and that was enough for them. Yet they confessed, in their very explanation of their plans, that they were doing something against the interest of the State. It seems that they finally "let off" two or three Senators, whose votes they could have had if need were, since these precious gentlemen are very anxious to be reëlected! The admission that the retention of Kelsey is a defiance of public opinion and of political decency could scarcely be plainer.

If anything could demonstrate the necessity for the provision suggested in the State Banking Superintendent's recent report, that the Superintendent himself be made the statutory receiver for insolvent banks, the recent performances of Attorney-General Jackson would do so. The actual condition of the Oriental and the Mechanics and Traders' banks may be in doubt; but what is not in doubt is that efforts were in progress to effect resumption without receivership, and thus relieve the hardships incurred by depositors. These efforts were conducted in coöperation with the Banking Superintendent, and the negotiations were still in progress when the Attorney-General suddenly interfered with a peremptory application for receivers, who were duly appointed by the court. No conference was had with the people who were at work on the plan of resumption; no time allowed, as in the case of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, to show whether or not the plan was assured of success. Even the Banking Superintendent, the one public officer who may be assumed to have been acquainted with the condition and prospects of the institutions, was ignored. Why was this done? The Attorney-General's public explanations are perfunctory. He had already, he declares, "delayed action longer than he should have done," and he thereupon consulted "a large stockholder" of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, at whose suggestion he "took steps." One of these "steps" was to secure the appointment, as one receiver, of the brother-in-law of this "large stockholder," and as another the Attorney-General's private secretary, a former newspaper reporter; these gentlemen then selected the "large stockholder" himself as counsel. In the case of the Oriental Bank, one of the receivers was a Tammany Hall member of whom the Attorney-General is reported as saying that he knows nothing of him, "except that he is a real estate dealer." Further comment is hardly necessary. The Attorney-General, however, had some further comment to make. "The powers of the Banking Superintendent," this eminent financial authority declares, "are too great as it is"; and the pending bill to place the receivership work in the Banking Department's hands, to the exclusion of the Attorney-General, is "a most dangerous and ridiculous piece of legislation"—in fact, "almost infamous in its nature." One can certainly sympathize with the honest indignation which must inflame a spoils politician at the prospect of losing rich political pickings from the misfortunes of depositors.

Artists complain of the lack of recognition of art in the United States. They often declare that they do these things better in France, where the national and municipal governments not only encourage the education of artists, but later nourish them with commissions. It is a tradition in Europe, handed down from the time when princes were almost the only dispensers of patronage, that artists of all kinds should look to the ruling powers. These having given the fashion, the nobles, the clergy, and the burgesses followed suit. It is a truism to say that the United States lacks such traditions, and that our artists have not only to work in rivalry with foreigners, but have to stimulate Americans to the point of wanting and buying objects of art at all. But the death of our foremost sculptor has been followed by signs of a deeper and more widespread interest than ever fell to the lot of an American artist. The memorial exercises at Mendelssohn Hall

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last Saturday afternoon, followed by the memorial exhibition of the works of Saint-Gaudens at the Metropolitan Museum, are honors of a kind generally reserved hitherto for distinguished soldiers and statesmen, or for popular heroes. A New Yorker from his earliest years, a pupil in our public schools and art academy, the sculptor of our fairest monuments, Augustus Saint-Gaudens is in all respects fitted for local honors; but it is safe to say that, at any time in the nineteenth century a man having all these titles to consideration would not have obtained such marks of esteem. That they are spontaneously offered to his memory indicates a change in the estimate placed on art in the United States.

Since it is practically certain that Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman's poor health will soon compel him to give up the leadership of his party in the House of Commons, the Conservative newspapers are having a little fun over his possible elevation to the House of Lords. Could he as a member of that august assembly maintain a truculent attitude towards it? But this is to forget Lord Rosebery. He was Premier, though a member of the upper house, and in 1894 was as ready to take up a crusade against the Lords as ever Bannerman has been. Indeed, from the vantage ground of a seat in the gilded chamber, Rosebery has addressed some of his plainest truths to his brother-nobles. A situation which he could thus carry off, would surely not be beyond Sir Henry's adroitness and good humor. A more serious question is whether, even when relieved of the burden of leading the House of Commons, his strength would be equal to the labors of a Prime Minister. How great is the work and how severe the strain of that office, quite apart from the task of personally conducting legislation, few realize. A writer in a recent number of *London* shows how enormous is the load which the Premier has to carry in the way of correspondence and consultations and Cabinet meetings and public addresses. Some men go through it with more ease, or appearance of ease, than others. Mr. Balfour, with his golf and his agreeable manners and his frequent social engagements, seemed to show that a man might be Premier and yet have a good deal of leisure; but Balfour was always accused, even by some of his followers, of being too much at ease in Zion. A conscientious and hard-driving leader like Gladstone, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, cannot go through his necessary work without showing its marks upon him. The chances are good, therefore, that if the Liberal leader quits the House, he will also lay down the Premiership.

Sir Edward Grey's statement in the House of Commons casts no cheerful light on Macedonian conditions, unless there be comfort in the fact that it is no longer possible to conceal from the world how unhappy affairs are in that land. In the present uncertain state of feeling with regard to the position of the Powers, the British Foreign Secretary could bring forward no definite remedy. He was inclined to believe that if a Christian governor were appointed for Macedonia the problem might be solved, but the "if" in this case is a big one. For, if the European Concert cannot agree in forcing upon Turkey the execution of the meagre police regulations which were embodied in the Mürzsteg programme of 1903, it is hard to see how common action can be expected in a far more drastic reform. It will be recalled that at Mürzsteg the Austrian and Russian governments stepped forward as the mandatories of Europe for the pacification of Macedonia. It was a complicated system. The European Concert pushed on its mandatories; its mandatories, through their agents in Macedonia, were supposed to push on the foreign official gendarmerie in Macedonia; the foreign officers were to see that the Turkish police did their duty. But up to the present the Turkish police have not done their duty, because the foreign officers were practically helpless, because Austria and Russia were not as zealous as they might have been in behalf of the Macedonians. And now, with the new railway question, comes the final "because"—because the European Concert itself is going to pieces.

Contrary to expectations, the Polish land expropriation bill in its unamended form has passed both houses of the Prussian Diet. Prince von Bülow has once more shown himself a masterly compeller of majorities. Only a few days ago it seemed certain that the amendments brought forward by the House committee would be adopted. They would have meant the virtual nullification of the bill, since the amount of land subject to expropriation would have been reduced to a trifling area. That the predictions of competent observers should be so completely and suddenly falsified shows that the Chancellor must have brought the whip down sharply on the parties of the *bloc*, just as he did in the crisis in the Reichstag some months ago. Prince von Bülow offers a shred of comfort to the opponents of the law in the form of a promise that expropriation will be exercised only when absolutely necessary. Such a statement but serves to illuminate the iniquitous character of a measure which is justified by no economic reason, and which is intended to hang as a sword of Damocles over the heads of an entire population, whose only crime has been loyalty to their historic tongue and love of their native soil. Prussia's attempts at the eradication of the Poles in Posen have hitherto failed. It is difficult to believe that the new measure, for all its severity, stands any chance of success in the face of opposition not only on the part of the Prussian Poles, but of a large element among their German fellow-subjects.

Another battle between the French under Gen. d'Amade and the Moorish tribesmen, is reported to have ended in the defeat of Mulai Hafid's supporters, but not without the loss of eleven French killed and thirty-six wounded. What the loss on the other side was can only be conjectured from the fact that in the battle at Settat on February 6 the Moors lost 800 men killed to the one man killed and thirteen wounded among the French. It is increasingly evident that France is facing a serious situation in Morocco. It is no longer possible to speak of "policing" or "pacifying" the coast region, for the French have to do now with no marauding tribesmen, but a hostile army, which, according to the reports of French war correspondents, seems to show a fair measure of discipline and high courage and determination. Gen. d'Amade was thought to have performed a notable piece of work in fighting his way from Dar Ber Rechid southward to Settat in the five days of February 2-6, yet the distance was only some twenty-five miles. Opposed to him he had a force of 8,000 tribesmen, provided with a few field-pieces and what appears to be a regular commissary system. The report that Gen. Lyautey, of Algerian fame, is to replace Gen. d'Amade would indicate that the French government realizes that it has on hand something much like war.

Last week the Italian Chamber of Deputies defeated by a large majority a Socialist resolution in favor of the abolition of religious instruction in the public schools. The Socialists were supported by the Radical Republicans and a few dissident Conservatives, and it is not probable that they will accept their defeat as final. The anti-clerical movement is too strong for that. In regard to this particular question of secularizing the schools it is significant that the Italian school teachers should constitute one of the most militant factors. The situation is parallel to that in France, where the associations of schoolmasters have shown themselves deeply imbued with revolutionary doctrines. In both countries such conditions have given rise to pessimistic opinion in Conservative circles, where it is feared that Socialism may use its powers over the schools as unsparingly as the Catholic Church has done in the past.

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A REAL GOVERNMENTAL CHANGE.

Secretary Taft easily maintained, in his address to the Brooklyn Bar Association on Saturday night, that there has been no impairment of the Constitution by judicial construction. On paper, and read in the light of court decisions, the division of powers prescribed in that national charter remains intact. Whether the inquiry be respecting the demarcation between the functions of the States and those of the Federal government, or the prerogatives and duties of the different branches of that government, Mr. Taft asserted that the judges have steadily seen to it that no serious departure has been allowed from the general scheme of the Constitution. This may be and probably is true; yet it is another question whether great changes in actual practice under the Constitution may not have insensibly stolen upon us. To detect them is very hard for contemporaries. With the written theory remaining what it always has been, we do not perceive how far away from it the unwritten fact has wandered. It is like the diagnosis of certain diseases. The patient does not know what is the matter with him till he is dead. It takes a post mortem to reveal the truth. And there are Constitutional post mortems, continually held by historians, which discover changes that people knew not when they walked therein.

Even contemporaries, however, are able to note the beginnings of silent innovation. Of all of its bearings, they may be but dimly aware, yet they can see that a real change is slowly taking place. One such was not touched upon at all by Secretary Taft, but it lies upon the surface of English politics to-day, and is clearly discernible in our own. We mean the greatly heightened powers of the executive government, in what relates to legislation. In England, the initiative of private members of Parliament has almost entirely disappeared. All the important bills are now government measures, and the government is claiming and getting more and more of the time of the House of Commons. This is a profound change, and represents an entire dislocation of the literary theory of the British Constitution, a hundred and twenty years ago. But a similar alteration of inherited practice is rapidly invading this country also. The Executive as Legislator is now a familiar figure among us. President Roosevelt is not the only exemplar. Governor after Governor has been making of himself the chief fountain of legislation in his State. There is no more suggestive sign of the times. East as well as West, the phenomenon presents itself. Gov. La Follette in Wisconsin has been imitated by Gov. Johnson of Minnesota and Gov. Hoch of Kansas. To the initiative of Gov. Hughes of New York comes an immediate response from Gov. Woodruff of Connecticut and Gov. Fort of New Jersey. All of them press critical matters upon their Legislatures. All of them tacitly assume that the Governor must intervene with prompting and public advocacy of important legislation, or else it will fail. Nor is this attitude much resented by Legislature or Congress. As for the people, they accept it enthusiastically.

Yet how deep a breach with the old ideas and historic practice all this represents, every one must see who stops to think. The jealous isolation of the Executive, in all that relates to lawmaking (except assent to new statutes), is one of the most vital traditions of Anglo-Saxon constitutional law. Turn, for example, to this resolution, which was adopted by the House of Commons on December 17, 1783:

> To report any opinion or pretended opinion of His Majesty upon any bill or other proceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influencing the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honor of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privilege of Parliament, and subversive of the Constitution of the country.

Contrast this with the constant appeal, nowadays, to the wishes of President or Governor; with the direct activity of Executives not only in recommending legislation but in sending for members of Congress or of the Legislature to urge them to vote for particular measures; and we begin to understand how long is the road we have travelled.

How does all this fit into the democratic theory? What does it signify in regard to representative institutions? It would be rash to attempt a full and satisfying answer to these questions. We are too near the political development, too much a part of it, to detach ourselves and pass judgment upon it conclusively. Partial answers, however, we may find in the very facts under discussion. It is clear, to begin with, that Congressmen and members of the Legislature are becoming more strictly *local* representatives. They cannot see beyond their districts. Few of them are nationally-minded or State-minded. In large affairs, affecting all the people, they have lost their initiative, because their time and strength are taken up with the petty interests of their immediate constituents. For them, they run errands, seek offices, work for local appropriations. Somebody else has to take the broad view, to look after the nation or the State, while they are absorbed with Buncombe County or Podunk. And this somebody is getting to be more and more the directly elect of all the people. To a President, or Governor, thus chosen, all the people are coming to look increasingly, not merely for administration, but for impulse and driving power in legislation. They may be no wiser than the nominal legislators, but they have a wider outlook, and they feel mightier impulses from the whole citizenship pushing them on. Hence, it is no trouble for democracy to adjust itself to the new practice. Choosing the Executive directly, it chooses him now to be the chief medium of progressive and reformatory law-making. If it gets its will done, it cares little about the instrument. "After all," said Mr. Balfour, when defending his plan to take power from the House for the government, "we are no longer fighting the Crown." And if American Congresses and Legislatures are leaving off fighting the Executive, it is because the Executive has come best to represent the whole people.

WHY NEW YORK IS DOUBTFUL.

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford declared in Boston the other day that New York must be reckoned this year as a highly doubtful State. Similar assertions have been publicly made by Seth Low. Other New York Republicans, favoring the nomination of Hughes at Chicago, are free to express the same opinion. It may be said, it doubtless is said, that this is only an ingenious and not wholly sincere way of building up an argument for the Hughes candidacy. But facts are facts, no matter to whose advantage the inference from them falls out; and it is the business of serious men to consult the facts, not their dreams or hopes. Those who feel with us that the election of Bryan would be a public misfortune, must not shut their eyes to the truth that it will be no easy task for a Republican to beat him in New York. We must not incur the reproach which Carlyle addressed to the Irish, when he alleged of them that their habit was to say to the hard fact: "Thou art not *that* way but *this*."

There is no denying, to begin with, that New York is normally a Democratic State. Only exceptional circumstances enable the Republicans to carry it. Bryan flung it away in 1896, but even after his defeat by more than 200,000, the tendency to drift back was shown in 1898 when Roosevelt, with all the glamour of the Spanish war upon him, was elected Governor by less than 20,000. Again in 1904 New York was triumphantly carried for Roosevelt, but two years later every Democrat on the ticket except Hearst was elected. The fierce personal cutting to which Hearst was subjected in Brooklyn and this city, combined with the confidence which Hughes succeeded in inspiring, alone gave the State a Republican Governor.

Since then, what has the Republican party as such done in New York, what have the organization leaders done, to retain that support of independent voters without which, as Mr. Low frankly admits, the State cannot be held against the Democrats? The answer is

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that they have done little except to furnish aid and comfort to the enemy. They have stood sullenly athwart the efforts of their own reforming Governor. Consider the proceedings in the Kelsey case. They look, according to a high Republican authority, almost like a deliberate attempt to turn New York over to the Democrats. The question was put to one of the Republican Senators at Albany whether the retention of Kelsey would not be a great help to the Democratic party. He cynically replied: "Oh, it will be only one thing more." On top of this, the fact cannot be blinked that the Republican party in New York is torn by factional quarrels and disgraced by a peculiarly offensive set of local bosses. A ferocious contest has already been begun for the control of the State Committee. And when one contemplates the spectacle of Boss Barnes in Albany "delivering" his two Senators against the Governor, and Woodruff in Kings, Ward in Westchester, and Aldridge in Monroe performing their antics, with Odell resuming his sinister activities, the attitude of the Republican machine is seen to be one to flout and repel independent voters, instead of attracting them.

Ah, but "anybody can beat Bryan in New York!" The *World* says that he could not carry the State even if 100,000 Republicans should stay at home. But this is to argue as if nothing had changed since 1896 and 1900. It was the silver issue which in those years piled up the enormous majorities against Bryan. In 1900, the prosperity argument also made against him. "I have observed," said President McKinley, after the election of that year, "that majorities rise as prosperity rises." He would not have denied that they sink as it falls. This year, the prosperity argument will bear hard against the Republicans. Say what they will, they cannot get away from it. Out of their own mouths they will stand condemned. This is one of the great changes in outward things which must affect the politics of New York, as of the rest of the country. And the silver issue is dead. It will not again throw this State into the arms of a Platt. If it be urged that the Republicans can find a bogey just as good in Bryan's other radical and unsettling proposals, the reply is that they have, by force of contrast with a Republican President's, lost their power to startle.

Gen. Woodford is right. New York is a doubtful State. With the intense unpopularity of the Roosevelt Administration in this city, a united, greedy, and powerful Tammany, the discontented vote swollen to great proportions, the difficulty of financing a Republican campaign—with all these things taken into the account, it is folly to deny that a great majority for Bryan may be rolled up in Greater New York. Political managers may as well face the situation. Some Republicans are saying that they can elect a President without New York. That is mathematically possible, of course, but no politician in his senses would plan a campaign which began by conceding New York to the Democrats. The big fight will be here. Bryan makes that plain. He must have this State if he is to succeed, and will put forth tremendous exertions to get it. Who could go forth to give him battle with the best chance of victory? Ask any disinterested and sagacious man in New York, and he will tell you—Hughes.

PHYSICAL VALUATION OF RAILWAYS.

The project for a physical valuation of railway properties, a project which a group of Senators is striving to graft on the Aldrich currency bill, seems to be exciting more interest than the original measure. According to the latest reports, the proviso will contain merely the requirement that the specific property mortgaged by a railroad shall be officially valued before the mortgage bonds are accepted as security for emergency currency. "In this form," reports one correspondent, "the amendment would answer all the objections presented by those who maintain that good business methods demand that the government shall not accept a mortgage on property the actual value of which it does not know."

In the last number of the *Political Science Quarterly* Prof. William Z. Ripley summarizes in some detail the contentions on both sides of the question. This movement for physical valuation is, as he points out, an inevitable outgrowth of the general commitment of State and national authorities to the principle of government regulation of public utilities. The power to regulate cannot be exercised intelligently without adequate information. Most regulative laws contain provisions for opening of the books of the railways and requiring detailed reports of operations. Says Professor Ripley:

> That some valuation of the property or investment of railroads is not only theoretically, but also practically, a prerequisite to the determination of reasonableness of rates is demonstrated by three facts. In the first place, such valuation is commonly introduced by the railroad attorneys themselves as a main line of defence against proposed reductions. The direct issue of valuation has thus time after time been forced upon the public at the initiative of the carriers. Secondly, as thus presented, it has frequently been adopted by administrative commissions as a basis for the determination of rate controversies. And, finally, with the supersession of administrative by judicial settlement, the courts also have been forced to consider the same line of argument and, in fact, to treat it as fundamental.

The question remains, shall there be a physical or a commercial valuation? The one is made by engineers and appraisers in the field, piecemeal, rails, stations, rolling stock, as a merchant would make an inventory of his goods at the close of the year. The other is made on a basis primarily of the securities and their selling prices, treats the entire property as a unit, and necessarily reckons in all sorts of potentialities favorable and unfavorable, "good will" and franchise.

The objection offered to the plan of physical valuation, aside from the great practical difficulties of making it accurately, is that the information it affords is of no real use. Having to deal with two lines of equal length, one built in level, open country, and connecting, say, a prosperous agricultural region with a great city, the other located, through bad judgment, in a mountainous region, in the expectation of developments which never came, the physical valuer would appraise the latter at the higher figure. Rates are not determined on a basis of physical value. The totals, therefore, are of no help to the official who desires to deal fairly between carrier and shipper, though they are eagerly caught up by demagogues who will at once proceed to treat the railways as if physical value were the same thing as total value. "The value of a railroad, viewed as a single asset," says a recent writer in the *Atlantic*, "is its earning power capitalized, and nothing else whatever."

The reply is, in substance, that if the value of a railway is simply its earning power capitalized, then the interest of the public can make no headway at all. If high rates justify large capitalization, and large capitalization justifies high rates, statesmanship and finance alike are caught in a vicious circle. Rates must not be touched, because they are necessary for a respectable return on the capitalization; capitalization must not be touched, because it is justified by earnings under the existing rates. The science of rate-making, as most of the proponents of this view admit, is as yet undeveloped, but they say it never will be developed until all obtainable facts are in possession of the authorities responsible for transforming a new political doctrine into orderly practice.

These, substantially, are the chief arguments pro and con. As in the case of so many other mooted Federal questions, it turns out that individual States have tried on their own accounts the policies proposed at Washington. Texas, Michigan, and Wisconsin have made physical valuations of their railways, as Professor Ripley remarks, "without overturning the institution of private property." They took up the policy—as New Jersey is likely to do this year—not so much with a view to regulating either rates or stock issues, as with a

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view to equal taxation. In this connection, Senator Everett Colby's advertisements directing attention to the inequality of taxes paid on a railway main-stem and a taxpayer's cottage will be remembered. Michigan found in 1900 the commercial value of her railroads per mile to be $32,100, the physical value in present condition $21,500, and the cost of reproduction $26,100. Wisconsin in 1903 appraised commercial valuation at $40,400 per mile, present condition at $25,500, and cost of reproduction $30,900; while Texas in 1906, not attempting to set a present value, found the commercial valuation to be $20,100 per mile, and cost of reproduction $16,531.

Professor Ripley has small patience with the view that "vast and unknown possibilities of evil" are involved in the physical valuation plan. The trouble is that the possibilities of good are little more definite. He says:

> The plan of valuation under consideration, he says, seeks not to find the *total* value at all, but to discover *what part of it is represented by real property, and what part by intangible assets.*

This knowledge, practically irrelevant to the fixing of a particular rate, becomes important, he believes, when the general level of rates is to be considered. The States which have procured it, however, as we have seen, did so with a different object chiefly in view, namely, the imposition of direct taxes, in which the Federal government has no concern.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

Cable dispatches from Russia during the last three months have brought news radically different from that which came out of St. Petersburg during the three years preceding. The word "Duma" does not occur very often; "revolution," "agrarian," "suffrage," and "popular liberties" are mentioned still more rarely. Death sentences and conspiracy, on the other hand, are frequent. We seem to be back with conditions and terms of five years ago. The dispatches tell of projects for a new billion-dollar navy, of an active Near East policy in connection with Macedonia, of an active Middle East policy in connection with Persia, of renewed aggression in Manchuria, and of a threatened resumption of the policy of autocratic officialism in Finland. It is apparently the old Russia of the days of Von Plehve and Grand Duke Sergius. The failure of the revolution is acknowledged by the revolutionists themselves. The third Duma is still in session at St. Petersburg, but to the great majority of those who made parliamentary life in Russia possible, the Landlord's Duma is a matter of profound indifference. If anything were needed to render it absolutely futile in the public mind, it would be the Czar's declaration to his loyal deputies at last week's formal meeting. I am content with you, the Czar practically told them; you have learned to work in harmony with the government. Interpreted, that means, of course, "You have learned to take orders quietly from the government."

The rise and fall of the Russian revolution of 1905-7 was admirably summarized by David Macgowan, a correspondent of experience, in the columns of the New York *Evening Post* more than two weeks ago. The St. Petersburg massacre of January 22, 1905, was the dramatic beginning of a struggle that ended with the dissolution of the second Duma in June, 1907. The character of the struggle is thus outlined by Mr. Macgowan:

> After six months' preparatory work, all of Russia's thinking citizenship was brought to and kept at fever heat for twelve months. An unexampled conspiracy of brain and brawn paralyzed the government's arm, inspired a nameless dread, and won a great victory—at the cost of the country's nervous energy. The thunderbolt was spent, and all too frequent and all too local flashes drained the rain-clouds of their menace. Still, fear froze the government's marrow for six months more.

And when the government had regained courage, it dispersed the second Duma, threw away the old electoral law, and secured the election of the present Duma. Failure had come through the lack of popular education, the lack of discipline, but most of all, as Mr. Macgowan has it, through exhaustion. Human nature has its limits of endurance. The Russian temperament, in its habitual oscillation from extremes of energy and self-assertion to extremes of passive resignation, made it inevitable that a period of dazzling revolutionary triumphs should be followed by a period of profound depression.

Nor was this all of it. Liberal and revolutionary Russia practically starved itself into defeat. The contest against the government was in the beginning a national one, in the sense that all classes of enlightened Russian society made common cause against the autocracy. Judges, lawyers, and physicians joined in the great strike of October, 1905; and employers sympathized with their striking workmen, because it was an iniquitous political system that the workingmen were protesting against. But when the Constitution of October 30 had been gained, when the revolutionary leaders, carried away by their unexpected victories, swept on towards glorious visions of social reconstruction for Russia and Europe, there ensued a period of labor warfare which did much to intensify the depression of Russian industry induced by the war with Japan. The factory population in the Russian towns attempted by means of the strike and "direct action" to raise themselves to a level attained by the wage-earners of no other country in the world. Incessant strikes resulted only in the ruin of employers and increased misery for the laboring classes. At the present moment western Russia suffers from lack of employment, a high cost of living, and empty stomachs.

If revolution has failed, is it equally correct to speak, as we often do now, of reaction as triumphant in Russia? That depends on the meaning we give the term. If we mean a reaction from the high hopes and apparently high achievements of the days of the first Duma, the answer has already been given. But if by reaction we mean a return to conditions just as they were before the outbreak of the war with Japan, then the Czar's Empire, in spite of pessimistic comment to the contrary, is not in the throes of reaction. The autocracy may be seemingly as absolute as ever, the police as all-powerful, and the liberties of speech and press yet rigorously controlled; but it is impossible to deny that the Russian people think more freely and speak and write more freely than they dared before the outbreak of the Japanese war. Not even the sternest censorship can deprive the people of what they have already heard and read and learned; and that stock of ideas and experiences gathered during the last three years should be enough to leaven the heavy Russian mass during the years of repression that seem destined to ensue.

As a final check against reaction, there is the Duma. Hated by the old régime, despised by the great body of the enlightened, it retains nevertheless the potentiality of a freer political life. The Russian has been called impracticable, and not without reason. On the other hand, people overlook the fact that the Russian has enjoyed but slight opportunity for becoming practical. Experience teaches, and experience even in a lame and almost impotent Duma may bring its lessons. The Zemstvos, or provincial councils, created under Alexander II., had only a brief period of free activity. Under Alexander III. they were maimed, bound, and given over into the hands of the bureaucracy. Yet even under such conditions the Zemstvo councils managed to nourish and develop a spirit of liberty, and a high grade of political ability which revealed itself in the course of the revolutionary struggle. If the Russian people profited by their provincial councils, they will learn to profit by the Duma. Every force that works for progress impels to that conclusion.

LONGEVITY OF LITERATURE.

The celebration of the eightieth birthday of George Meredith has set the critics to discussing his verse, and incidentally the reasons why it is less pop-

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ular than his prose. A writer in the London *Times* explains by a generalization which expresses only one side of the truth. After saying that Meredith's "Love in the Valley" may be remembered at least as long as "The Egoist," the critic adds:

> "Rasselas" had in its day many more readers than "The Vanity of Human Wishes"; and Sidney was long thought of as the author of the "Arcadia," and not as the writer of the Sonnets to Stella; but in each case, for us to-day, the verse has a stronger life than the prose. The fact, perhaps, is that the pleasurable excitement afforded by metre, and the higher mood in which poetry is usually written, carry us into an atmosphere in which we are less conscious of changed fashions in thought and expression than we inevitably are in prose. There is in poetry an element of strangeness which makes us ready to welcome a certain unlikeness to our ways of speech and our own point of view. But that is not so in prose. The fancies which are delightful in Elizabethan verse are only tolerable in the contemporary prose; the conceits which we endure in Donne or Cowley would not be endured in any writer who was not a poet. Perhaps the truth is that, with contemporaries, prose has a better chance than verse, other things being equal; with posterity, other things being equal, verse has a better chance than prose.

These reasons—except, perhaps, the one implied in the phrase "higher mood"—relate to the style rather than the substance of prose and poetry. For our part, we should ascribe the longer life of poetry to the fact that it deals powerfully and beautifully with subjects of more enduring interest; more often than prose it takes hold of the eternities. The true theme of poetry is the great common emotions and those loftier meditations on life and death which appeal to us to-day as they appealed to the Elizabethans, to the Italians of Dante's day, to the contemporaries of Virgil, and to the ancient Greeks and Hebrews. If a man has the gift of writing poetry, he is likely to employ it on such topics as these, while his thoughts on matters of current or temporary import are relegated to prose. This, too, is a generalization which must not be pressed too hard; but there are many illustrations of it in our own literature.

It is significant that the popular survivals from the period preceding the year 1700 are for the most part poetry, including, of course, the drama. The mass of scientific treatises and sermons, of speculations in philosophy and religion, of books on politics and history, are, for the public at large, and even for lovers of literature, waste paper. A few exceptions stand out, like Bacon's "Essays," Walton's "Compleat Angler," and Sir Thomas Browne's writings, but the rest lie in dust and darkness. Few people are even aware that Chaucer wrote a "Treatise on the Astrolabe." Were the astrolabe still in use, the "Treatise" might still circulate in cheap reprints; but the Parson, the Clerk, the Squire, the Wife of Bath, and the other types of humanity depicted so brilliantly in the "Canterbury Tales" are dwelling with us yet. With Spencer it is much the same. "Very few and very weary," says Macaulay, "are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast"; but not one of the weary readers of "The Faerie Queene" would think of undertaking the "View of the Present State of Ireland." Milton's prose fills five solid volumes of Bohn's Standard Library; but the causes for which he contended are forgotten. Now and then a sentence from the "Areopagitica" graces a magazine article; but who Salmasius and Smectymnuus were, and why Milton fell into such violent language, are matters of profound indifference to the twentieth century. Dryden's prose—three volumes in Malone's edition—is often described as the first really modern English prose. As such it is justly admired by professed students of literature. But the world at large cares nothing for the theories of dramatic art which Dryden propounds in the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," nothing for the "Discourse on Epick Poetry," nothing for "A Parallel of Poetry and Painting." And the world, we may add, cares as little for the verse in "Absalom and Achitophel," "Religio Laici," and "The Hind and the Panther." They were tracts for Dryden's times; and not all the skill of the greatest poet of that age can make them tracts for ours.

Passing to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we find, first of all, Swift and Defoe, both writing verse and prose, and both surviving in their prose rather than their verse. But their prose has lived and their verse has died for the same reason that Milton's verse has lived while his prose has died. Swift's political and personal skits, like Defoe's "True-born Englishman," "Jure Divino," and "Caledonia," with all their vigor of phrase, are nearer the stuff of prose than "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe"; for these immortal tales have not a little of the epic quality. Goldsmith's prose and his verse seem to enjoy almost equal favor; Cowper's letters certainly compete with his poems; and Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" holds its own with "The Lady of the Lake." But in addition to the Waverley Novels there are twenty-eight volumes of Scott's prose which are seldom opened. The prose of Wordsworth and Coleridge is likewise disappearing. No one reads Wordsworth's "Convention of Cintra" and "Guide to the Lakes," and his several prefaces, as well as Coleridge's critical writings, are food only for the student and specialist. In another hundred years also they may be put on the upper shelf with Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy." Later authors we need not discuss; for they are too close to us for clear judgment.

These several examples, if they show anything, indicate that the prose of our poets, as well as the poetry of our prose writers, falls short not so much in point of style as in matter. A book perishes because the theme which engaged the author is not vital. On no other theory can we account for the attraction which Homer, Virgil, and Dante still exercise in translations, often prose translations, the style of which is destitute of distinction. All the aroma and much of the flavor have vanished in the passage from one language to another; but beneath the fleeting felicities of the style is the perdurable substance. We must conclude, then, that Hazlitt (like the critic in the *Times*) had lost sight of the main issue when he declared:

> Poets are winged animals, and can cleave the air, like birds, with ease to themselves and delight to the beholders; but like those "feathered, two-legged things," when they light upon the ground of prose and matter-of-fact, they seem not to have the same use of their feet.

An aspect of the case at which we have but hinted is the development of the novel as a sort of successor to the Elizabethan drama. The Elizabethan novel, Sidney's "Arcadia," Lyly's "Euphues," Nash's "Unfortunate Traveller," Lodge's "Rosalynde," and all the rest are now merely curiosities. But the plays are still presented on the stage. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, the prose which has retained anything like popularity is chiefly fiction. We have mentioned "Gulliver" and "Crusoe." A little later come Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Miss Burney, and so on down to our own day. Surely, it is not the style—the form as distinct from the essence—which has preserved these novels; rather, it is the fact that, like the Elizabethan drama and the highest poetry, they have had the essence. They have dealt not with the externals and accessories of life, not with modes of government, controversies in church and state, discussions of science and art; but directly and forcibly with life itself, the elemental fears and hopes and passions that are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, February 15.

The week has given us two literary works of prime actuality. Each seems to be its author's appeal to posterity—with what success time only can disclose.

Anatole France, after many years of study and tentative publication, at last presents the first volume of his definitive "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc"—553 octavo pages, with 83 more of defensive preface. The first impression of the book is uncertain. There can be no doubt of the greatness of the author's effort. Long since he reached the maturity of his literary powers; and, for particular reasons, almost partisan, his later fame has been over-

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shadowing. Only a "treasure for aye" can now justify the expectations which have been aroused.

The style, in large sense—that which has been always the first thing to consider in Anatole France—is not now, at least not as a rule, that acrid scarifying of Church and tradition to which his Dreyfus period accustomed us. It is not the smiling, cynical skepticism, out-Renaning Renan, of his previous "Monsieur Bergeret." It is not even a return to the kindly, undisabused writing which earned his earliest fame. No need to say that it is good Anatole France; but there is obvious preoccupation in it, studious reserves, and artificial enthusiasms, to guard against the thought's offence. The avowed aim of the book is to make the reader think himself back into the state of mind of Joan of Arc's contemporaries and thus, with no twentieth-century sidelights, to see her as she lived and acted in the real world. The erudition for such a process is ostensibly in the author's possession. The use of it, quite as ostensibly, is guided by "science," surely no fifteenth-century light. That Joan had hallucinations of hearing and sight, of touch and smell, is a conclusion of present-day professors of *psychiatrie*. Zola, whose mental discipline and learning were vastly inferior, used similar conclusions of science, but he applied them to creatures of his own imagination. We may admire such intellectual feats as difficult; they leave us with little feeling of mental security. To reassure any reader who might fear a recurring offence of the broad moral complacencies of Abbé Jérôme Coignard and Monsieur Bergeret, their creator announces in an interview that he has sedulously not used many inviting documents. Such are the records of the crude witness borne by the soldiery to Joan's chaste influence among them; yet these have significant bearing on the "commonsense" history of Joan by her chief blasphemer, Voltaire. In general, this Life of Joan of Arc corresponds, in aim and likely effect, with Renan's Life of Jesus; but in substance, and taking no account of its literary brilliance, it belongs to a newer day, and is nearer to ex-Abbé Loisy's treatment of the Gospel story.

"Ex-Abbé" Loisy, it seems, must now be said. No Modernist, however confident, can for one moment suppose that the two new bulky volumes—"Les Evangiles synoptiques" and the small book of personal defence, "Simples réflexions," on the Holy Office's decree and the Pope's encyclical letter—announce anything short of exodus from the Church. For more than a year the abbé has not been allowed to say mass or engage in any priestly function. In these volumes there is even an apparent disavowal of all revealed religion, so far as Christians have hitherto understood the word Revelation. That this is the author's real mind, under much learning unrelieved by lucidity of either style or method, seems evident from his peremptory sayings under stress of controversy and in self-defence against accusation. The main personal argument brings us back curiously to the days of Port Royal, where the five propositions condemned by the Pope as Jansenist obstinately refused to be found in the works of Jansenius. M. Loisy proves in detail to the Pope's counsellors that they apply no scientific higher criticism to his writings, "which have furnished the greater number of the propositions censured by the Holy Office." After the present publications, however, there can be no doubt that his propositions, even as rectified by himself, will meet with as little favor as ever, not only among Papists, but even with Presbyterians or the immediate disciples of Channing. Only Theodore Parker could admit them to Christian communion.

A Judean crisis, according to M. Loisy, called for a prophet; John the Baptist awakened Jesus to the vocation. Jesus began preaching the coming of the kingdom of heaven after his mother Mary was a widow with four other sons and two daughters. "No member of this family seems to have accepted the Gospel until after the death of Jesus." The preaching of Jesus lasted at most a year, perhaps only a season. The author continues:

> The priests and doctors of Jerusalem reckoned only the inconveniences which such an agitation would have, from the side of Roman authority, the Messianic color of the movement and the popular emotion being likely to disquiet the governing authorities. They arrested the agitator and had him condemned by the procurator, Pontius Pilate. . . . We may suppose that the soldiers took down the body from the cross before evening and put it in some common pit, into which they threw pell-mell the remains of all who were executed. . . . None of the disciples was present at the death of Jesus; none saw his body dragged to the charnel. . . . We ought not to forget that the Apostles had the same mentality as their fellow-citizens of Capernaum or Bethsaida, who asked whether Jesus might not be Elias or some prophet risen from the dead. . . . The inner working of their enthusiastic souls was sufficient to suggest to them the vision of what they wished. . . . Peter first acquired the conviction that his Master was living. He had seen him one day at daydawn as he was fishing by the Lake of Tiberias. Doubtless, he assembled the eleven, and, with his own ardor, reanimated their wavering faith. Once the impulse had been given, the faith grew by the very need which it had to be strengthened.

In an interview, M. Loisy has reduced all this to a few words: "History shows Jesus only as a man, without consciousness of divinity."

An outsider cannot help wondering at the effort so long made to teach such doctrine under cover of the Church whose faith is built on the resurrection of the dead. Spinoza would have appreciated the conclusions of the book on the Gospels. Renan wrote such pages—after he had left the Church for ever. In logic, the Pope can scarcely be blamed for his inability to distinguish their new "immanentism" from the old Pantheism, as M. Loisy bitterly reproaches him:

> The dream of Jesus was as frail and narrow as is our own science. It seems absurd to us, just as our dearest ideas will seem to our grand-nephews. But it also contained the most precious germs of human truth, the most fruitful principles of human progress: namely, that the golden age of humanity is not in its past, but in its future; that the worth of man is in the sentiment animating his conduct; that true religion is that of the heart; that such religion consists essentially in love, the love of one's neighbor in God or of God in one's neighbor; that God—that is to say, the living law of the universe—is goodness; that the abnegation of each is necessary to the good of all; that, in case of need, we must be ready to risk all in the order of material goods and temporal life to gain all in the order of spiritual goods and spiritual life; that sacrifice is the root of all happiness; finally, that our ephemeral existence floats on an ocean of life wherein it plunges to endure for ever, from the instant it seems to cease to be. If the last word of all things be not nothingness—and it cannot be nothingness—then the Gospel has the appearance only of a chimera and Jesus did incarnate in man the wisdom of God and his death could only be a passing into immortality.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The discovery of a work in Martin Luther's autograph, in the library of the Russian Prince Lwoff, recently deceased, has excited considerable interest among European palæographers. Prince Lwoff was a man of scholarly tastes, well known as a bibliographer and discriminating collector of rare books. The manuscript in question is a volume of 552 pages of heavy paper bound in vellum, and its contents consist of miscellaneous theological treatises chiefly exegetical, written in Latin, although a few annotations on the last pages are in German. They have never been printed, at least they are not found in any edition of Luther's works. On the fly-leaf are the words:

> Manuscripta Theologia Miscellanea Wolfgangus Musculus dono dedit Johannj Parsimonio tandè Abbat. Hirsaug 2 Augusti Año 1547.

Under this inscription is the seal of Wilhelm Gmelin. The suggestion that this manuscript became the property of Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt after Luther's death on February 18, 1546 is at first sight quite plausible, since the Prince was an ardent promoter of the Reformation and a personal friend of the Reformer. A little closer observation would have shown him that it belonged unquestionably to Wolfgang Musculus (Meusslin), who was born in Lorraine, 1497. His father was a cooper, but the boy, having a passion for learning, led the life of a vagrant student. When only fifteen years of age he visited his aunt in Lixheim, went with her to vespers in the Benedictine cloister and joining in the singing attracted the attention of the prior, who induced him to enter the cloister. It is well known that after Luther had nailed his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences to the door of the Schlosskirche in Wittenberg, October 31, 1517, his writings began to be widely diffused. Wolfgang Musculus, then about thirty years of age, received from a friend, whose name is not given, a package of Luther's writings, which he read with eagerness and final conviction, and in 1527 left the cloister to join the Reformatory movement. It is possible that the manuscript, recently come to light, may have been in this package, and this supposition is rendered all the more probable because it evidently contains some of Luther's earlier Biblical studies. After a varied career as preacher in Augsburg, Zurich, Constance, and Basle, Musculus was appointed professor of biblical exegesis in the University of Berne, where he died August 30, 1563. Before leaving Augsburg, he gave the Luther manuscript, as recorded on the fly-leaf, August 2, 1547, to Johannes Parsimonius (Johann Karg) afterwards Abbé of Hirsau in Würtemberg. The words "tandè [tandem] Abbat. Hirsaug" in the inscription were not written when the gift was made, but were added by

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another person at a later period as is evident from the character of the script and the manner of their insertion. We may add that the title of abbé does not imply that Parsimonius was either a Catholic or a celibate; on the contrary, he had become a Protestant and was the father of a family. His daughter Judith Karg was married January 9, 1600, to Wilhelm Gmelin, who inherited the manuscript and stamped it with his seal, as already stated. Nothing more is known of the history of this manuscript, nor is it possible to ascertain when or where or how it came into the possession of Prince Lwoff. Of its genuineness there can be little doubt. It can be clearly traced for a century and a half after Luther's death as we have already shown by brief notes on Musculus, Parsimonius, and Gmelin, through whose hands it passed successively and by whom, as ardent adherents of the Reformation, it would be highly prized. The fact that a prominent German dealer in antiquities and especially in palæographs has offered 10,000 marks ($2,500) for it proves that he does not regard it as spurious.

It might have been supposed that the bibliography of Longfellow had by this time been pretty thoroughly worked out, and that collectors were well-informed about his first editions. Several important, privately printed first editions are, however, practically unknown. Among the extracts from Longfellow's diary, printed in the "Life," by his brother, is this, under date of December 2, 1852:

> It seems to me that I shall never write anything more. I am therefore thinking about a volume of old matters collected from corners of reviews and magazines, to be called Driftwood. Write a short preface for the same.

To this entry Samuel Longfellow adds a note: "This was partially printed but never published. Some parts of it, under the same title, are printed in the Complete Works." No copy, however, seems now to be known and perhaps no portion was actually printed.

In 1856 Longfellow's friend, Scherb, suggested the writing of "a poem on the Puritans and the Quakers," and Longfellow noted that it was "a good subject for a tragedy." Within the next few days he read up Besse's "Sufferings of the Quakers" and other books on the topic. On August 27, 1857, he had "finished the first rough draft." His thoughts then turned to "Miles Standish" and not until after that was published did he come back to his "New England Tragedy." Originally written in prose, it was put into type in that form in 1860, and a few copies were run off on small sheets on a hand press. One of two known copies was acquired by the late J. C. Chamberlain, and it is among the gems of his collection. It consists of a title-page, "The | New England Tragedy. | Boston: | Ticknor and Fields. | MDCCCLX." One leaf for the "Dramatis Personæ" and pages 1-130 of text. Apparently nothing was done with this book for almost eight years. In January and February, 1868, the first tragedy was rewritten in verse and given the title "Wenlock Christison;" and a second tragedy, of witchcraft, "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," was written. These were put into type, and, before Longfellow's departure for Europe (in May), ten copies were printed. Two copies he apparently took abroad, one for Routledge's use in bringing out an English edition and the other for Tauchnitz's Continental edition. It was arranged that Ticknor in Boston and Routledge in London should publish simultaneously on October 10. In the Boston edition (with which collectors generally must be satisfied), the title of the first of the tragedies is "John Endicott." In the London and Leipzig editions it is simply "Endicott"; and there are other differences. No one of these special ten copies has ever come upon the auction market. The copy given by Longfellow to his friend George W. Greene, with inscription dated May 6, 1868, was acquired by Mr. Chamberlain; and the copy given to a Quebec admirer, George Stewart, with inscription dated February 20, 1878, was acquired a few years ago by Mr. Spoor of Chicago. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his Life of Longfellow in the American Men of Letters Series, evidently got the two private issues mixed. After saying that "Wenlock Christison was finished on August 27, 1857," he adds:

> It was more than ten years (October 10, 1868) before it was published, having first been written in prose, and only ten copies printed and afterwards rewritten in verse.

The Jahrbuch der deutschen Bibliotheken, which has just made its appearance for 1908, contains information about the work undertaken by a committee of the Berlin Royal Library, which is to furnish a "Gesammtkatalog der Wiegendrucke," containing the full bibliography of all the products of the printing press during the fifteenth century. A beginning has been made by collecting all the data available from the public and private libraries of Germany. The work is under the direction of the Oberbibliothekar of the royal library in Berlin, Prof. Konrad Häbler, assisted by four librarians in Leipzig, Munich, and Berlin, and by Isak Collijn of the University library in Upsala.

On March 6 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city offers an important collection of first editions of American authors. Bryant's "Poems," 1821, is in flexible paper covers (it more often occurs in stiff boards); "The White-Footed Deer" is the copy which brought $220 in the Alfred B. Street sale; the "Hymns" is the earliest issue, 1864, and is a presentation copy. Kendall's "Sermon at the Ordination of H. G. Goodwin," 1830, containing "The Right Hand of Fellowship" by Emerson, his second writing to appear in a book, is in original paper covers, uncut. It seems to be the copy which brought $100 at Peyser's sale, 1906. The Hawthorne books, include "The Sister Years," 1838, (the rare "Carrier's Address to the Patrons of the Salem Gazette"), the first copy offered at public sale in New York; "The Gentle Boy," 1839; and "Mosses from an Old Manse," in the two parts, with paper covers. Among the Holmes books are "The Harbinger," 1833; "Poems," 1836; and the rare large type "Oration before the City Authorities of Boston," 1863. Among the Longfellow items are presentation copies of "The Belfry of Bruges," 1846; "The Golden Legend," London, 1854; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," 1863; and "Divine Comedy" 1867. The "Ballads" of 1842 is in the original boards, with label, rare in this condition. The "Poems of Maria Lowell," 1855, and Lowell's first book "A Year's Life," are among the rarer Lowell items. There are two copies of Thoreau's first book "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," 1849, one a presentation copy having a pencil correction on p. 396. In making up into pages three lines were omitted at the bottom of p. 396, and these three lines were sometimes written in by Thoreau. Whittier's "Legends of New England," 1831, is a desirable copy in the original boards uncut; and "Moll Pitcher and the Minstrel Girl," 1840, is in its original printed cover.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, sell on March 10 and 11, a collection of autograph letters. Included are a series of letters of the Earl of Beasonsfield, addressed to his father and his sister; an A. L. S. of Charles I. and one of Charles II.; signatures of Queen Elizabeth, James I., Cromwell, and Queen Anne; and nine letters of Thackeray.

Correspondence.

NUMBERS AS AN EDUCATIONAL IDEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Woodrow Wilson's severe arraignment of our educational policy, in a recent public address, seems to have struck many as a bit of extreme and intemperate criticism. It does, however, voice a widespread, if not general, feeling of disenchantment with the present system or lack of system, among those who, from the inside, contemplate the results of our so-called higher education. We have been gradually forced to the conviction, though we are not often frank enough to say so, that our colleges and universities do not succeed in giving to the majority of their foster children either intellectual power or moral earnestness. They fail to train them properly either for the work or leisure of life.

The reason is not far to seek. We started out with certain ideals, borrowed partly from England and partly from Germany. We lived up to them as best we could. The results, if not entirely satisfactory, were certainly better than they are now. But the cry of "monastic exclusiveness" was raised against us; we were not in touch with the nation's practical needs; we were out of joint with democracy. Since then, we have grown more "democratic"; "we have passed through a period of dissolution of the standards of education." One by one our ideals have been thrown to the winds and we have given ourselves over to reckless experiment, drifting aimlessly on the tide of what we conceived to be popular demand, until now we are very much at sea. Lacking convictions of our own or unwilling to take responsibility on ourselves, we have substituted for the old standards what our critics choose to call the democratic ideal of "doing as one likes." We are still old-fashioned enough to require that the student pass in a stipulated total of hours before we give him his degree; but we soften our tyranny by spreading before him a most tempting bill of fare, with variety enough to please the most fastidious palate —solid and substantial food, but with it dainties, tid-bits, garnishings a-plenty. But alas for the choice! "Natural selection" for the majority of young people means indolent selection; and we are dismayed to

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find that the democratic doctrine of free election in education, as in theology, means in practice that the student is urged to take what he likes and is damned if he does.

And yet it is not entirely for lack of conviction that we are where we are. It is, let us be honest, for lack of courage. We are at least agreed that the present system, the present practice, is absurd, and if we continue our policy of *laissez-faire* it is only because we are afraid to run counter to the popular worship of *numbers*. Unfortunately, bigness is the one proof of excellence which impresses the public, and numbers is the one effective plea which wins substantial support from wealthy philanthropists and indifferent legislatures, sources upon which many of our colleges and universities still depend for their very existence. Public opinion is, therefore, the great sophist which has sophisticated us all. We have abandoned our "aristocratic aloofness" with a vengeance. We open our doors to the fit and the unfit, and we make it easy for them to remain when they come; we advertise our indiscriminate hospitality by all manner of methods, dignified and undignified; nay, we go out into the highways and byways seeking whom we may persuade.

And we succeed—too well. We have more guests than we can serve. Most of our institutions are crowded beyond their capacity to do effective work. The growth of the teaching force lags far behind the growth of the student body. A hundred freshmen and more are crowded into a single class, making direct supervision, effective teaching, and systematic training impossible. Immature students are left largely to their own devices, and if in the end some of them come out well educated it is owing, as Plato would say, not to their environment but to the grace of God.

The result of all this is a pleasant, easy-going atmosphere of "college life," where the man who takes his work seriously is held up to student scorn. Better the "flunk" than the "grind." The student's interests are not in his books, his lectures, which he regards as a conspiracy against his happiness and peace of mind, but in things of his own devising to which his energies are given. Hence, those "evils" of college life against which our academic authorities legislate with such amusing diffidence. Such problems as those presented by excessive interest in athletics, social distractions and dissipations, could hardly become serious in an institution of high standards where systematic work was made an imperative requirement and idleness a disgrace.

The present conditions we know are a perversion of all good sense. The evils exist, we admit, nor are we blind to their cause. They are, however, winked at as incident to a necessary, though temporary, stage of growth. We must have institutions of learning, and we must get support for them. When we reach a certain size, when we are established firmly and independently, then, and not till then, we can build "according to the heart's desire." But in the meantime, the poison works; the habit grows strong upon us, and we cannot throw it off when we would. We move in a vicious circle; we get more students to get more money to get more students to get more money, and so without end. Our worship of numbers has become an established faith.

But is it not possible—welcome the thought—that on this subject, to use Emerson's phrase, "life is ahead of theology and the people know more than the preachers teach"? A recent writer on "Externalism in American Universities" laments the lack of a prophet to cry aloud to us: "Woe unto that which is big!" Such a prophet, it is feared, would meet the usual fate in his own country. But would he? Are we not waiting for him? If one or more of our higher institutions of learning should have the courage to sacrifice numbers to standards and assume amid the shifting ideals of American democracy a position of wise, conservative leadership, "proving all things and holding fast that which is good," would there not probably arise such a chorus of popular commendation as would prove that what we take to be the voice of the people is but the buzzing in our ears of an *idée fixe* by which we are obsessed, *tintinnant aures sonitu suopte?*

GEORGE NORLIN.

University of Colorado, Boulder, February 15.

PROTECTION THE MOTHER OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Republican party seems determined to cleave to Protection as the old Democratic party in the South clung to slavery, in spite of all warnings. Such obstinacy is the sign of an institution far gone in decay. Protection—we have it on the best authority—is the Mother of Trusts. That it is also the Mother of Socialism was foreseen two generations ago. Since that time Socialism has made immense strides, until to-day there is no sober-minded man who does not perceive that it may soon become the foremost issue in our national life. It is interesting, therefore, to quote the following paragraph from a famous speech made by Count Cavour in the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies on April 15, 1851. Cavour, recently come into office as Minister of Agriculture, was carrying through a series of commercial treaties with England, France, and other countries, on the basis of a free exchange. After contrasting the method of freedom with the method of restriction, or governmental interference miscalled Protection, he says:

> Gentlemen, I affirm that the most powerful ally of the Socialist school—I refer, of course, to the intellectual order—is the Protectionist doctrines. They start absolutely from the same principle: reduced to their lowest terms, they assert that it is the right, and consequently the duty, of the government to interfere in the distribution and employment of capital, that the government has the mission, the power, of substituting its will, which it deems more enlightened, for the free will of individuals. Were this accepted as an unshaken truth, I know not what we should reply to the laboring classes and to their champions, when, appearing before the government, they put forward the following argument: "You believe it your right and duty to interfere in the distribution of capital, in the regulation of capital; but why do you not interfere to regulate the other element of production—wages? Why do you not organize labor?" And in truth I think that, if we admit the Protectionist system, there follows logically the necessity of admitting if not all, at least many, of the Socialist doctrines. "Discorsi," Vol. III., pp. 381-2.

If Cavour had had before him as examples the most recent American phenomena, he could not have spoken more pertinently. It is as illogical to beat the Trusts with one hand and to pour out wealth to the privileged protected interests with the other, as it is to destroy private initiative by substituting governmental control and yet to deny the claims of the Socialists.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Cambridge, Mass., February 23.

A NEW METHOD OF PHOTOGRAPHING MANUSCRIPTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among recent improvements in photography, none is of such value for the scholar and librarian as the *méthode Graffin*, which permits, at a nominal price, the reproduction of manuscripts and rare books. This invention is a god-send to higher instruction in history, philology, and literature, especially in America. It will give added importance to palæography. Since American universities can now obtain for a small sum, ranging from five dollars or less up to twenty, photographs of almost any manuscript, the young men who present themselves for advanced work in our universities will be increasingly supposed to know something of palæography, just as they are expected to be able to read several foreign languages.

The new process, sometimes called *procédé blanc et noir*, is due to the inventive genius of Mgr. Graffin, professor of Syriac in the Institut Catholique of Paris. He has given his improvement gratis to the world, and his only reward has been a medal from the French government. It has been suggested by the Abbé Rousselot that his name ought to be preserved in a verb, *graffiner*, a proposition to which many will subscribe. The apparatus for the *méthode Graffin* consists essentially of a prism, or mirror, inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, in front of the object glass of the camera, in order to reverse the image before its passage into the object glass, in such a way that, twice reversed, it is reproduced as a positive on the sensitive paper. The proof will be negative; the black letters of the manuscript or book copied will appear in white against a black or dark background. The order of the letters and their position will be normal, by reason of the double reversal. The plate-holder contains sheets of bromide paper, preferably rapid. One great advantage of the method is that the manuscript or book to be photographed may be placed horizontally on the table or chair, or on the floor. The work is done with rapidity, almost as fast as one can turn the pages. Only one copy can be made by this process, which cannot therefore serve for the production of a large number of copies.

The following photographers at Paris are skilled in the new method: Berthaud Frères, 31, rue Bellefond; M. Mayer, 67, rue des Batignolles; P. Sauvanaud, 45, rue Jacob. The prices, which depend somewhat on the size of the page, have been augmented recently by a decision of the government requiring two copies of all photographs of manuscripts taken to be deposited for distribution among French libraries. Including this additional cost, the prices range from 1 franc to 1.50 franc per single page, for an entire manuscript

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or book of fifty pages or more. Of course, only a few sheets cost proportionately more. For copying at the British Museum, a letter addressed to J. A. Herbert, manuscript room, would be given to one of the photographers who are allowed to work at the Museum.

Copies of manuscripts taken by the *méthode Graffin* have been utilized for several years in the Universities of Wisconsin and Missouri. The University of Wisconsin is said to have recognized the new reproductions as coming legitimately under the head of library equipment for graduate study. I am told that the method is described in a book by Krumbacher, published in Germany, but I have not seen the volume. RAYMOND WEEKS.

University of Missouri, Columbia, Feb. 20.

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Who deserves the credit for originating the famous maxim, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day"? Hoyt and Ward's "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (ninth edition) give the credit to "Poor Richard's Almanack" (1732-57). Dalbiac ("Dictionary of Quotations," 1899), however, assigns its origin more particularly to Chesterfield, who uses it in the letter to his son dated February 5, 1750. I have not been able to consult any more recent dictionaries of quotations than those just mentioned; but in the absence of any other information, I beg to submit the following discoveries made by me in this connection. In the first place, Henry Fielding comes in for some consideration. In his *Champion* article for January 12, 1740, we read: "Put not off until to-morrow, what you can do to-day." But in all likelihood Fielding derived his use of the maxim from Addison, for in his *Spectator* No. 469 (dated August 28, 1712), this sentence occurs:

> The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life should be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day.

Incidentally, the varying forms in which this maxim appears yield an added interest to this subject, in the light of your recent article on misquotations.

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Annapolis, Md., February 25.

Notes.

April 2 is the day set in London, and presumably in New York, for the publication of Swinburne's poem "The Duke of Gandia." It will be brought out in the same form as the complete works issued by Harper & Bros.

There is to be another volume of FitzGerald letters. The new book will be called "Edward FitzGerald and 'Posh,' Herring Merchants," and will tell the story of the friendship between the poet and his favorite boatman.

Next month Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out a volume of studies in Italian life and letters by W. M. Thayer, to be called "Italica." It contains an essay on Fogazzaro's masterpiece, "The Saint." A companion volume will be Nathan Haskell Dole's "A Teacher of Dante and Other Studies in Italian Literature," to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

On the twelfth of this month Harpers will publish two novels of importance, Mr. Howells's "Fennel and Rue," and May Sinclair's "The Judgment of Eve."

Forbes & Co. of Chicago are about to publish two books on the Indians. One, "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," is by George Wharton James, who is an adopted member of the Havasupai tribe. The other is Frederick Starr's "In Indian Mexico," and is said to describe a region hitherto untouched by travel authors.

Thomas Whittaker, Inc., is publishing a book for the special use of those who keep the Lenten season. It is a series of readings for each day, prepared by the Rev. A. W. Snyder, and called "Through the Forty Days."

J. Lowes Dickinson, than whom to-day no one is writing better and more thoughtful English, has a new book with the McClure Company, which will be issued this spring, probably under the title of "Justice and Liberty." Mr. Dickinson has been appointed to deliver the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard in the spring of 1909.

"Coleridge's Literary Criticism" will soon be added to the Oxford library of Prose and Poetry. The Introduction, furnished by Professor Mackail, ought to make the edition a notable one.

A life of the late ex-Gov. Daniel H. Chamberlain of South Carolina being in preparation, his son will be indebted to any persons possessing letters of interest from him if they will kindly send them to Paul C. Chamberlain, No. 10 Torrington Square, London, W. C., England. The utmost discretion will be exercised in their use, and care in returning them as soon as copies can be made.

The Early English Text Society has sent out two volumes in its Extra Series of reeditions, viz.: the "Romance of Emare," edited by Edith Rickert, and the Middle-English "Harrowing of Hell" and "Gospel of Nicodemus," edited by Prof. W. H. Hulme. Besides these the "Magnificence" of Skelton, with Dr. R. L. Ramsay's Introduction, is printed, and Dr. R. Dyboski's edition of the carols and songs of Richard Hill's MS. at Balliol is in type.

William Stanley Braithwaite's "Book of Elizabethan Verse," reviewed in the *Nation* of January 17, 1907, has been enlarged and thoroughly revised, so that in its present form, as issued by Small, Maynard & Co., it is practically a new work.

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued Vols. III.-VI. in the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales"—"The Portrait of a Lady" and "Princess Casamassima," in two volumes each. The prefaces, in spite of the exasperating style, continue as interesting as in the first volumes of the set. Mr. James tells us that the "single small corner-stone" for the "large building of 'The Portrait of a Lady'" was his "conception of a certain young woman affronting her destiny." He elaborates at some length his theory that the story must grow out of the characters: "I might envy, though I couldn't emulate, the imaginative writer so constituted as to see his fable first and to make out its agents afterwards." In the course of his argument Mr. James gives us a significant reminiscence:

> I have always fondly remembered a remark that I heard fall years ago from the lips of Ivan Turgenieff in regard to his own experience of the usual origin of the fictive picture. It began for him almost always with the vision of some person or persons, who hovered before him, soliciting him, as the active or passive figure, interesting him and appealing to him just as they were and by what they were. He saw them, in that fashion, as *disponibles*, saw them subject to the chances, the complications of existence, and saw them vividly, but then had to find for them the right relations, those that would most bring them out; to imagine, to invent, and select and piece together the situations most useful and favorable to the sense of the creatures themselves, the complications they would be most likely to produce and feel.

Thus Mr. James's story has grown up about Isabel Archer:

> I seem to myself to have waked up one morning in possession of them—of Ralph Touchett and his parents, of Madame Merle, of Gilbert Osmund and his daughter and his sister, of Lord Warburton, Caspar Goodwood and Miss Stackpole, the definite array of contributions to Isabel Archer's history.

In considering the result, Mr. James decides that this novel is the "most proportioned of his productions after 'The Ambassadors.'" In like manner "The Princess Casamassima" grew up about Hyacinth Robinson, who should watch the show of public life in London, but, "so far as all the swarming facts should speak of freedom and ease, knowledge and power, money, opportunity and satiety, he should be able to revolve round them, but at the most respectful of distances and with every door of approach shut in his face." Mr. James's explanation of the return to life of the Princess Casamassima is a striking passage:

> Certain of a novelist's characters, more or less honorably buried, revive for him by a force or whim of their own and "walk" round his house of art like haunting ghosts, feeling for the old doors they knew, fumbling at stiff latches and pressing their pale faces, in the outer dark, to lighted windows. I mistrust them, I confess, in general; my sense of a really expressed character is that it shall have originally so tasted of the ordeal of service as to feel no disposition to yield again to the strain. Why should the Princess of the climax of "Roderick Hudson" still have made her desire felt, unless, in fact, to testify that she had not been—for what she was—completely recorded?

The question of Mr. James's alterations and additions in these reprints we reserve for future discussion.

The trend of literature from one year to another is indicated by such publications as the "Annual List" of new and important books added to the Boston Public Library. The one just published is larger by thirty-five pages than the previous issue, the increase being mainly in works on fine arts, languages, science, religion, medicine, and rare old books and incunabula. There are fewer additions of books on political and social science, philosophy and education, while fiction remains about the same. The biographical index and that of authors, editors, and subjects add much to the value and usefulness of this publication as a book of reference.

"Selected Readings in Economics," by

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Prof. Charles J. Bullock (Ginn & Co.), sustains the high character of the series to which it belongs, Selections and Documents in Economics. The choice here offered evinces catholic taste and good judgment. Just enough economic history is included to illuminate the industrial morphology of the present time. The remainder of the material bears either on the essentials of economic theory or on the more important problems of to-day. So vast is the literature of the subject that any compilation of this character must omit some of the cardinal classics. It may be suggested that an excerpt from Hamilton's Report on Manufactures might properly be included in a future edition. Questionable also would appear the excerpt from Mill on the accumulation of capital, though the needful corrective is given in Hobson's adverse criticism of Mill's doctrine. The most serious omission appears to be the virtual neglect of the more recent developments in economic theory commonly associated with the Austrian school. Jevons, it is true, is cited by sample, but the excerpt is isolated; the more recent intensive criticism of the older notions of capital is slighted; and the prominent rôle assigned to the time-element in abstract economic theory is not emphasized. These, however, are minor defects. It is doubtful whether any other equal group of selected readings would prove more generally acceptable or serviceable.

"Internal Taxation in the Philippines," by John S. Hord (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Series XXV., No. 1), is rather an explanation of the new internal revenue system adopted in 1904 as a basis of argument for opening the markets of the United States to Philippine products than it is a carefully prepared monograph on the subject its title covers. We are told how the 1904 law, designed chiefly by Mr. Hord, who is Philippine internal revenue collector, was meant to meet lower customs receipts following free trade with the United States, and how such free trade would be of benefit in the Philippines as in Porto Rico. The pamphlet sets forth very well the content of the new Philippine internal revenue law and its administration, but gives it slight consideration from the point of view of the student of taxation theories and practice. The summary of internal taxation under Spanish rule in the Philippines is incomplete and faulty.

In a slender little book Clarence A. Palmer gives "A Compendium of Parliamentary Rules," with special adaptation to the needs of business meetings. In general the laws of procedure accord with "Robert's Rules of Order." Perhaps the most useful part of the book is that which shows how the chairman can expedite business and avoid friction. (St. Paul: The Minnesota Typographic Co.).

The noble series of "Early Western Travels," edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites and published by the Arthur H. Clark Co., is brought to a conclusion by a full "Analytical Index" in two volumes (XXXI. and XXXII.). In the preparation of this invaluable appendix Dr. Thwaites has had the active coöperation of Annie Amelia Nunns, Louise Phelps Kellogg, and Lillian Jane Beecroft. The Preface explains the system used in indexing.

In a single compact volume Harper & Bros. have a new edition, revised and enlarged, of Justin McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times." The period embraced is from the accession of Queen Victoria to that of King Edward VII. It is late in the day to say how entertainingly this history is written; it is never too late to protest against the printing of such a volume without maps or chronological tables.

The Rev. Dr. M. H. Harris has added a "History of the Mediæval Jews" to his lengthening series of school histories in the same field (New York: Published by the author). Within the compass of about 300 pages he has given a fairly readable and trustworthy summary, whose interest for the average young person is probably not increased by a slightly homiletic flavor. It is none the less a marked improvement on the few existing text-books on the subject, and is equipped with useful maps, tables, and references for further reading.

Israel Abrahams's "A Short History of Jewish Literature" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is an improvement on his "Chapters on Jewish Literature," 1899. He gives a clear and succinct outline of Jewish literature from the final fall of the Temple to the era of emancipation (1786). The difficulty in such a work is less to steer between the academic and the popular than to condense without disproportion. Mr. Abrahams has succeeded in presenting his subject in sufficient detail and with sober discrimination. Perhaps in a new work, under preparation, he may devote more attention to the points of contact between Jewish thinkers and their contemporaries in the outer world, and the profound influences exerted on Jewish thought by external forces. There is, however, ample material in the present volume to surprise the general reader who has no idea of the Jew's intellectual development in early and later eras, and his fertility and versatility in lines other than purely theological. He had his classic epoch in Spain, in poetry, philosophy, science, centuries before the dawn of the English epic.

Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has recently been increased by four volumes devoted to "Ancient Hebrew Literature, being the Old Testament and Apocrypha," arranged by the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor. The topical order has been followed so far as the books are concerned, and the apocryphal books are mingled with the canonical writings, Daniel being dislodged from its customary place and included in apocalyptic literature. Such disarrangement seems rather arbitrary. The text is practically that of the King James Version; the customary divisions into chapters and verses have been dropped, and there are other changes, all probably to emphasize the literary rather than doctrinal character of the work.

"Little Bits of Judaism," by "Amiel" (Baltimore: Fleet-McGinley Co.), is a series of short essays, in general superior to articles of their class. They touch on themes like prayer, patriotism, intermarriage, spirituality, and the need of leadership.

Toward the end of his "Apologia Diffidentis" (John Lane Co.), W. Compton Leith writes:

> Turning back over these pages, I am conscious that I have failed to give real experiences their proper life. Describing solitude I have been dull; I have fixed the rushing flames of emotion in poor flamboyant traceries.

In these last words the author has laid his finger upon the defect of the book. The style is so carefully elaborated, at times so precious, that it suggests insincerity. Mr. Leith is a man of education and wide reading. He has apparently studied the manner of De Quincey, Ruskin, Stevenson, and especially Pater. He has an ample vocabulary, and he has uncommon skill as a maker of phrases. He says what he has to say so well that it is a pity his message is so insubstantial. The book runs on, without chapter divisions, for over two hundred pages. The career of the diffident man as a youth in England, and as a young man in India is presented with much detail of pictorial description. The writer is evidently aware that his descriptions are uncommonly vivid. Then comes an explanation of the causes and consequences of diffidence, followed by an exposition of the resources of the diffident man—the study of nature and of books, the consolations of stoic philosophy, and so on rambling to the end. The first fifty pages, fluent and sometimes almost brilliant, give the impression of a book of genuine distinction in style and of subject matter above the mediocre. But the additional hundred and fifty pages of much the same thing, still fatally fluent, grow rather monotonous and trite. The pose of graceful melancholy, of almost morbid introspection, and of gentle self-pity yielding to stoicism ceases to charm. Perhaps the book, if taken in small doses, would seem a thing of firmer texture.

From Armand Colin of Paris comes a well-informed and thoroughly sympathetic study of "Sully Prudhomme," by Ernest Zyromski. Of the philosophy of the book we cannot speak so favorably. M. Zyromski begins with a fair analysis of romanticism, and shows in what way it springs from a delirium of sensibility. The office of Prudhomme was to heal this disease of the ego and to set forth in his verse the reconciliation of man with nature. So far, good. But it is not always clear that M. Zyromski quite understands this malady of the soul out of which Prudhomme worked his way into the healthy region of natural law. It is disquieting to read the names of Plato and Lucretius and Alfred de Musset thrown together as if their theories of love in any way coincided. And he does not seem to have considered that this escape of the poet from himself into nature may be only the passage from one cell to another of the same prison. However, these are matters too large for discussion in a note. M. Zyromski has written a book which can be read with profit by any one interested in the higher currents of thought of the nineteenth century.

The avowed object of the two French journalists, Raymond Gros and François Bournand, in "L'Oncle Sam chez lui: mœurs américaines" (New York: Imported by Lemcke & Buechner) is "to make known a great people, with their virtues, their vices, their comeliness, and their ugliness." There is a chapter on the American man, and another on the American woman; one about marriage, and, of course, another about di-

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vorce. Works of charity are considered, the authors concluding that, "if the American is a man of business *par excellence*, he is also the most human of men." Then comes a thesis on lynch law, which is reenforced by a lengthy treatise in an appendix, showing why the negro is born to be hanged. Education, national faults, social vices, as well as American art and the stage, are all discussed, and there is a catalogue of the curiosities of American life. Many of the seventy-three illustrations in the text are of personages scarcely known to the public, or of scenes or incidents of American life not at all typical. Indeed, the *galerie de tableaux* reminds one of a lecture on America recently delivered in England, when the one picture illustrative of American homes showed the residence of James G. Blaine! The Indian and the cowboy figure conspicuously among the engravings; Ballston Spa is famous, not because of its mineral springs, but because one of its fair daughters was kissed there 1,236 times in fourteen years, and finally brought suit for $3,000 damages, getting *"10 fr. 42 centimes par baiser."* Football, Andrew Carnegie with his L-I-B-R-A-R-Y building blocks, and golf are the prominent features of our educational system depicted by the artist; and the Beef Trust and the "grafter" are given many pages, with copious and fearful foot-notes.

Even Francesco d'Ovidio finds something more to be said about Alessandro Manzoni, and under the title "Studii Manzoniani" (Hoepli: Milan) has just added a third entertaining and instructive volume to those which established his reputation as a student of Manzoni and made him a fit editor of the "Brani inediti dei Promessi Sposi," published two years ago. The new volume is made up chiefly of a careful study of the character of Ermengarda in the drama "Adelchi," including an exhaustive criticism of the celebrated chorus on her death.

Students of American aboriginal folk-lore will find much to interest them in Knud Rasmussen's recent book (Copenhagen and Chicago: The Gyldendal Publishing Co.) entitled "Under Nordenvindens Svöbe" (Under the Lash of the North Wind). It contains a large number of myths and fairy tales of the Greenland Eskimos. Mr. Rasmussen, who himself has some Eskimo blood in his veins, took part, some years ago, in the so-called Danish Literary Greenland Expedition, under the leadership of Mylius Erichsen, and at that time he collected the material of the present volume. Half of the book deals with the West Greenlanders, the other half with the eastern branch of the race.

Dr. W. Staerk, one of the theological teachers in the University of Jena, has just published (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht) a book entitled "Das assyrische Weltreich im Urteil der Propheten." In his investigations of the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries the author takes a decided stand against the current critical school. Dr. Staerk furnishes also an entirely new translation and commentary on the prophetic books in question.

In the series known as Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) we now have "Richard Wagner's Religiöse Weltanschauung," by Prof. O. Schmiedel of Eisenach, in booklet size. The volume offers a clear-cut view of the ups and downs of Wagner's philosophical and religious thinking.

"Ausgewählte kleine Schriften" of Heinrich Gelzer (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) is a collection of ten papers, most of them based on research in Oriental church history. Special interest attaches to the seventh and eighth papers, detailing the author's personal recollections of Ernst Curtius and Jacob Burckhardt.

Prof. Theobald Ziegler of the philosophical faculty of the University of Strassburg will soon issue (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner) a large volume on David Friedrich Strauss and his work, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the author of the "Leben Jesu."

The Vienna Academy of Sciences has entrusted to the Belgian scholar Germain Morin the preparation of a new and critical edition of the works of Cæsarius of Arles, the great churchman of Gaul in the fifth century. Morin is making his preliminary research in Munich.

Prof. H. Diels, in behalf of the commission that is preparing the "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ," reports to the Berlin Academy of Sciences that the third volume is in type down to Carmen, the fourth down to Conventus, and the proper names, separated from the rest of the material, to Cæsidius.

In September, 1909, the fiftieth meeting of the Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner is to be held in Graz. A new section for *sachliche Volkskunde* is to be added, to deal with the occupations and utensils of primitive man.

At the February meeting of the Hellenic Society in London Louis Dyer read a paper on "The Olympian *Theatron* and the Battle of Olympia." The *theatron*, he said, was mentioned by Xenophon in bounding the battlefield of 364 B. C. No "theatre" of the usual type could be meant, for none such ever existed at or near Olympia. Long before the day of theatres and stadiums, however, Olympian worshippers witnessed from the Terrace of the Treasuries (1) athletic contests; (2) processions, sacrifices, and the like. In 476 B. C., presumably from this *spectatorium-theatron*, Pindar (O. x. 101) saw Agesidamus win "alongside the Olympian Altar." In 450 B. C. a quadrilateral running-field, with fields adjacent for onlookers, was provided for athletic contests. The old *theatron* was left, however, overlooking all other spectacles, and to it was made, for the same uses, an enormous addition—(a) the Painted Colonnade, (b) the front Colonnade of the Southeast Building—intersecting it at right angles in the northeast corner of the Altis. From that corner these Colonnades stretched southward to the Council-House, while the Terrace extended westward to the Shrine of Hestia. Thus the Terrace and the Colonnades formed two sides of the triangular battlefield of 364 B. C., described by Xenophon (Hellen. VII. iv.) as the space "between the Council-House, the Shrine of Hestia, and the *theatron* adjoining these buildings." Dr. Frazer, requiring a stone theatre and not finding one, suggests that the Council-House and the Theatre are still somewhere unexcavated—a desperate solution since it withdraws from human comprehension Xenophon's whole account of the fighting, and leaves the perfectly identified remains *in situ* of the Council-House to shift for themselves. Dr. Dörpfeld clearly accounts for the fighting, but requires that Xenophon in bounding the lists should momentarily have been bereft of common sense and of his gift of consistent and perspicuous diction. These views were then reënforced in a short paper by E. N. Gardiner, who had reached Mr. Dyer's conclusions about the Olympian *theatron* independently, and on other grounds.

Henry Loomis Nelson, professor of political science at Williams College died in this city February 29. He was born in New York in 1846, and was graduated from Williams in 1867. Though admitted to the bar, he devoted practically all his time after 1878 to journalism. He was a correspondent at Washington and an editorial writer here and in Boston. From 1894-98 he was editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Among his books are "Our Unjust Tariff Law," 1884; "John Rantoul," a novel, 1884; "The Money We Need," 1896.

The death is announced of David Syme, proprietor of the Melbourne *Age*. Mr. Syme was born in England in 1827, and emigrated to California in 1850, and from there two years later to Victoria. He published several books: "Outlines of an Industrial Science," "Representative Government in England," "On the Modification of Organisms," "The Soul—A Study and an Argument."

THREE STUART BIOGRAPHIES.

The King Over the Water. By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.20 net.

James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. By Martin Haile. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham. By Philip Gibbs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

That the Old Pretender should have waited until to-day for a biographer to defend him against Thackeray's defamation in "Henry Esmond" is, considering the amount of Jacobitism that has lingered on among Scottish writers, one of the curiosities of literature. Perhaps the sight of two champions, fully armed with documents, rising together upon the novelist, will rouse the proverbial feeling of two against one. It must be said emphatically that Miss Shield and Mr. Haile agree in their characterization of James III., that their conclusions are fully supported by evidence, and that they utterly demolish Thackeray's picture of the tipsy, dissolute Chevalier. We may regret the diminution of our pleasure in "Henry Esmond"; we cannot but welcome to the gallery of eighteenth-century portraits this grave, pathetic figure, dull and earnest, with nothing of the hero about him save his patient sufferings, shuffled to and fro like a play-king among the real sovereigns of Europe, vexed by charlatans and dissemblers, baffled by the self-seeking of pretended friends, his own incompetence, and by the malignant ill-luck of the Stuarts, but preserving through all temptations and disappointments his devotion to

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the Roman faith, the white flower of chastity, and his kingly dignity.

So far the two books are in accord. In their methods they are somewhat different. The first-named, written by Miss Alice Shield under the guidance of Mr. Lang, who also condensed and revised the manuscript, is the better work as literature, and offers a more minute account of the Chevalier's personal life at St. Germains and Bar-le-duc; perhaps its briefer treatment of the domestic concerns during the later Italian years is due to the skilled and, to the reader, merciful hand of Mr. Lang. Mr. Haile's work is less intimate in its biographical details (save in the wearisome quarrel of Queen Clementina with the Hays), but dwells at much greater length on the political intrigues and combinations throughout Europe that kept the exile in constant hopes of restoration. In a word, Miss Shield has written the better life of James III., Mr. Haile the fuller history of Jacobitism.

It must be added that Miss Shield, in so far as she touches on political matters, shows the truer historic sense. Both writers are in sympathy with the Chevalier, and betray a distaste for the boorish character of the first and second Hanoverian; to which no one can take objection. Both dwell on the strange ill-luck that attended the adventures of the Stuarts; both recognize the lack of impelling force in the Chevalier; but Miss Shield is a little more open to his entire incapacity for judging and controlling men, and to the consequent discord and inefficiency that ruled all the doings of his court. Mr. Haile exhibits more completely the tragic incompetence of Mar as a soldier, but Miss Shield again explains more clearly the ruinous defection of Berwick. Nowhere does the difference between the two biographers come out more clearly than in their treatment of Bolingbroke. Miss Shield acknowledges the great ability of that arch-traitor and almost, if not quite, admits that under other circumstances he might have remained loyal to the Stuart cause, and with the aid of Berwick's military genius, if such an event were at all possible, steered that rudderless vessel to port. Mr. Haile has nothing but contempt for Bolingbroke, and, indeed, dismisses him as an utterly unimportant factor in the game. And the reason for this is easily divined. In his famous letter to Sir William Wyndham, Bolingbroke attempted to prepare his way back to England by exposing the hopelessness of the Stuart pretensions, and so alluring the ultra-Tories from their opposition to the government:

> Here (he says, meaning the courts of the Regent and of James) I found a multitude at work. Hardly one would lose the air of contributing to a restoration by his own intrigues. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. No sex was excluded from this ministry. Fanny Oglethorpe, whom you may remember in England, has a corner in it, and Olive Trant is the great wheel of the machine, etc., etc.

Now Bolingbroke had no thought of the scandalous inferences which might be drawn from such a passage, and which, as all the world knows, Thackeray did draw from it. As a matter of fact, a little royal license on the part of the Pretender would have been no disability in the eyes of Henry St. John or of most Englishmen, whereas his sturdy refusal to barter his religion for a crown was always inexplicable to his libertine advisers. It is not or this score Mr. Haile is incensed against Bolingbroke, but because that powerful writer and cynical man of the world exposed so relentlessly the confusion of counsel prevailing about the Pretender and the petticoat influences which, more by the fault of the Orleans than the Stuart court, were so disastrously predominant. Mr. Haile could not forgive Bolingbroke for jeering at his idol's feet of clay. Again, the two biographers differ somewhat in their estimate of the enemy's character. Mr. Haile thinks the evidence sufficient to convict Lord Stair absolutely of two attempts to make away with James, at Nonancourt and at Avignon—and that evidence is indeed black; but Miss Shield leaves open a loophole of doubt, being in general more disposed to grant honesty of purpose to the anti-Jacobites.

From both books, as they supplement each other, may be gathered a pretty full and accurate account of the division of England against itself which furnishes the key to the political tangle of the first half of the eighteenth century. History is commonly written from the Whig point of view so exclusively that the real danger to the Hanoverian succession and the immense ability displayed by Walpole in warding it off are somewhat obscured. Not much is said by either biographer about that parliamentary bulldog, but from their minute view of Jacobitism one is taught to harbor greater respect for his power and more leniency for his methods of corruption. There is also, of course, the opposite temptation of exaggerating the danger, and into this snare both writers—Miss Shield less than Mr. Haile—have fallen. Neither of them distinguishes sharply enough between the mere spirit of discontent against the ruling powers and the spirit which would really have welcomed a change. To read the letters and reports of the Jacobites in England one might suppose that practically the whole people was clamoring for James; yet somehow when the opportunity of acting arose, these agitators were strangely inert. And there are plenty of pamphlets of the day that betray the secret of this paradox. Take, for instance, Sir Richard Blackmore's "True and Impartial History of the Conspiracy against the Person and Government of King William III. in the Year 1695," composed soon after the event, but not published until 1723—it contains a perfectly accurate study of the fever of discontent.

In fact, the chief interest in this study of Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites ought to be, but never or rarely ever is, psychological. We speak lightly of the treachery and time-serving of those men, and undoubtedly they were marvellously dexterous in riding one horse and then the other, or both horses at once. We do not realize the conditions. On one side, with the Whigs, lay the practical prosperity of England, the hard facts, the forces of time, so to speak; on the other all the appeals of loyalty and of the imagination—it is significant that almost all of the higher literature of the age was Tory, if not Jacobite. The cruelty of the situation was this, that an honest man might be divided within himself by these two impulses; and thus, while he talked and schemed for one side, at the crucial moment he would abandon dreams for facts. Some were narrow enough in sympathy, like Walpole, to lean always to one side; others, such as Halifax in the preceding years, were clear enough in self-knowledge to trim with honor, if not with ultimate success; too many, in the difficulty of deciding on principle, turned to this party or that as the momentary advantage to themselves seemed the stronger. A satisfying psychological study of that age is still to be made.

For their general accuracy of statement both Miss Shield and Mr. Haile are to be commended. The former should know better than to accent Fénélon (*sic*) throughout her book; the latter should not say that "Maria Theresa's title as . . . . Empress of Austria was at once opposed by the Elector of Bavaria, who claimed the empire for himself," for it was her claim to the Austrian possessions that the Elector disputed, whereas her husband aimed at the head of the Empire. A few other slips might be pointed out, but not many.

If, without leaving the field of biography, one wishes to read the first act of this Stuart tragedy whose fifth act closed with the death of James III., one may find it in the life of George Villiers. That evil genius of the Stuarts shows more fully even than does either of his masters the causes of their ruin. It is sometimes supposed that the fall of the Stuarts was due to the attempt to introduce a new régime with the new dynasty; whereas it was really caused by too faithful an adherence to Tudor precedent and by lack of that kingcraft "which alters when it alteration finds." It was the sluggishness of the Stuarts that destroyed them, with the exception of the second Charles who, alone of his family, could adapt himself to circumstances. The character of the Tudors was a boundless egotism and a passion for dramatic action; and in these they were in harmony with their age. One of these traits, the egotism, was carried over by the Stuarts into a century when, among the English people, the notion of irresponsible personality was giving place to that of law and solidarity, and to unimaginative rationalism. James I. was fond in his way of pageantry, but the passion for splendid dramatic action, denied him by his poor pedantic mind, was supplied by his favorite, the first Duke of Buckingham, who thus complemented the inadaptability of the Stuarts.

There is not much philosophy in Mr. Gibbs's memoir of the duke, and, as in almost all these present-day biographies, the old tradition of literary taste is lost; but he has got his materials well together, and has made a book that can be read with interest. Naturally, while not disguising his hero's notorious sins, he is inclined to show greater lenience of judgment than would be expected from a general historian such as S. R. Gardiner. This can be excused as pertaining inevitably to the *genre* of writing. And, in fact, we can agree with him in a certain human admiration for the insolent magnanimity, if the phrase be permitted, and hot-blooded impulsiveness of Buckingham; after all, he was but a spoiled beauty. To hold that he poisoned James is preposterous, and, unless pushed too far, he was a loyal friend to those in adversity and an open enemy to

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those who thwarted him. But Mr. Gibbs does not sufficiently recognize the terrible evils brought upon England by Buckingham's domestic and foreign policy, on the one hand by cultivating the personal irresponsibility of his masters, and on the other by entangling them in the fatal French alliance. Who can say how much of England's calamities through the seventeenth century and the resulting intellectual poverty in the eighteenth, were due to the ruffling, imperious beauty of the young Villiers, who, at the age of twenty-one, came up to London almost in rags; at thirty-one was with Prince Charles in Madrid, shocking the Spanish grandees by his pranks and insulting Olivares to his face: at thirty-three was in Paris on another and more fatal marriage embassy, dazzling France with his magnificence, and making love to the Queen, almost under the nose of her husband; and at thirty-six by the knife of John Felton expiated the crime of attempting to oppose his vanities and passions—if these two were not one trait—to the current of the age. More perfectly than his master, James I., he introduces the drama that drags its slow pathos to an end with James III.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Mother of the Man. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Not long ago we noticed a collection of short tales by Mr. Phillpotts which seemed to possess the merits of clever experiment rather than of such firm achievement as may be expected of him in his familiar field. To this field he here returns, to the study of human nature and character as they are to be seen among the simple folk of a bit of Dartmoor countryside. This writer works best with such material, not so much because he consciously or unconsciously holds a brief for rural life or character, as because he clearly discerns here the free working out of those everlasting problems of human experience which are so compromised or obscured by the veilings and quibblings of sophistication. These people have no manners; their motives and moods are absolutely bare to each other and to us. The game is played hands down, and has none of that element of intellectual titillation for the observer to which the masked skill (or is it rather legerdemain?) of urbane fiction has perhaps accustomed him. None of these people have "cultivated" minds. We have not to solve them as intricate puzzles, but to watch them unfold in character and meaning, simply and beautifully, by what they say and do—rather than like Mr. James's people, complexly and often beautifully, by the play of his fancy about them.

The man Ives Pomeroy is at first sight a crude and on the whole repellent shape of human clay, a selfish and graceless yokel, an idler, a braggart, and something of a libertine. It is only as we are able to see him through his mother's eyes, with her knowledge of his nature and inheritance, that we discern dimly what time may make of him. It is a slow work, and in the end he has not been transformed into a hero of romance; but his mother's faith in him has been justified, and if he remains a yokel with rude manners, he has become a strong man. There is no romantic conversion, the process of his development is gradual and natural—inevitable, even, his mother knows. For she recalls her own youth and recognizes much of herself in him. The foes he has to contend with are within: pride, anger, untamed desire, have long the upper hand. They are the ebullitions of a generous nature of which a profound sense of justice is to be the salvation. His resentment of the world's injustice finds at last its healthy complement in a fine scorn of his own selfishness. For such a son no mother content with wise saws and modern instances could have done much. Avisa Pomeroy has one of those firm-poised, high-hearted natures which are to be found oftenest among the heavy-laden of whatever social class—a radiant influence making for good by dint of its sheer indomitable optimism. There is more than the grief of physical loss to be heard in the broken fragments of threnody with which Avisa Pomeroy's death inspires her rough son:

'Tis all one to the lamp when it goes out—but them that be left—the darkness. . . . But us—us that walked by the light of her—and must go blind evermore. . . . Her work's done, her wonderful, beautiful deeds are all ended now, and she've led a better life than any born woman did afore. She've done with the business of being alive. 'Twas worth while to the earth her being alive.

Without this love passing the love of men, this understanding passing the understanding of merely good women, a nature like that of Ives Pomeroy might have been driven into enmity of its kind. As it is, he is destined to become not a man of piety and small tendernesses, but a man of wholesome activity and even authority in the sphere to which he has been called.

The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. By Roman Doubleday. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

It is hard to write a detective story that is not interesting. Given a murder, two gentle ladies suspected of the guilt, a multi-millionaire suspicious of his wife, and a young reporter who unravels all and thereby gets his own reward—who could write a dull book with such material? We must demur, however, against a disposition in the present entertainer to disregard the rules of the game. The erroneous suspicions should not depend on a series of coincidences, each alone credible enough, but in the mass impossible; nor should we in the end be mocked by finding there was no murder at all. The art of the detective story is to eliminate chance altogether. The reader thus lays down this mystery of Hemlock Avenue with some resentment against the author for having cheated him, but only after a couple of hours of exciting play.

The Footprint and Other Stories. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

By reason of the publisher's dictum that collections of short stories are not popular, it has been the fashion of late to weave separate tales with some thread of continuity so that in combination they may take on more or less successfully the aspect of a novel. Mr. Morris must have the credit of letting his stories stand on their individual merits. There are eleven in the present volume, and they cover incidents in the Gulf of California, San Francisco, Paris, a pirate island, the Carolina swamps, the tenements and the palaces of New York, and the North Pole. They show Mr. Morris to excel most of the short-story writers of the day in his use of the Stevenson manner, which he combines with Edgar Allan Poe matter. The knack of descriptive narration he has in an uncommon degree, whether his pictures be first hand or not. There is, for instance, an excellent bit of this kind at the beginning of the title story, where five weary and parched American adventurers on a sand spit of Lower California watch the arrival of the fat, rich, jovial Chinaman, who, as it turns out, has come on his forty-fifth birthday to be strangled in fulfilment of a parental promise to the High Gods.

The subjects, however, are generally ignoble, even to an occasional Shandean touch. Those who read the stories because they are in the vernacular of adventure will note that there is not an honest stand-up fight in the collection. The noble motives come to grotesque anti-climaxes. The explorer who reaches the North Pole only to die of small-pox on the spot, lies down beside the frozen bodies of seven predecessors who had all—from 1798 down—attained the pole to die there. The roguery is equally futile, a scoundrelly elopement ending in an opium dream. This sense of futility is the chief defect of what are otherwise capital tales.

My Lady of Cleeve. By Percy J. Hartley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a romantic tale, the period of which is just subsequent to the Great Rebellion, when England was rife with plots for the restoration of the Stuarts. Capt. Cassilis, soldier of fortune in the service of "Dutch William," has orders to take possession of Cleeve Manor, where a French plotter is said to be in hiding. In the performance of this mission he receives a momentary check from Lady Grace, whom report holds to be the most beautiful, as she assuredly is the most haughty, daughter of English nobility. She attacks Cassilis with her riding whip. And then:

If ever there was all hell in a man's heart, it was in mine that night. . . . That I—I of all men—should be struck by a woman! And in public! . . . Oh, to hurt her! to humble her pride! to see her at my feet begging for mercy—and to refuse it! I gloated over the thought.

How he secured his revenge upon his lady, and how, in the end, instead of gloating, he humbly sued for her hand and heart, and how his service was most gloriously rewarded, it were no less than sin to disclose here. The lovers of second-rate historical romance must not be deprived of their immemorial privilege of finding out these mysteries for themselves.

The Red Feather By Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

It would be hard to suggest by way of comment the sheer delightfulness of this tale. Let him who is wearied with the sweetened and diluted literature now commonly prepared "for the young" apply himself with assurance to this strong and

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wholesome brew. It is not a story for children in the sense of being unfit for grown-ups. It is a fairy tale and an Indian tale and a little manual of kindly and ripe philosophy in one. In short, we really do not see why it should not win a place on that small beloved shelf where Grimm and Alice and the Water-Babies and how few others! stand in quiet and perennial disproof of the pap-theory of juvenile fiction. No doubt its persons are the stock characters of fairy romance. The "littlest warrior," to whom the magical red feathers are presented in infancy, is simply our friend the fairy prince. The red feathers themselves, as well as the "moccasins of the air" with which they are destined to vie, are variants of the seven-league boots and the magic carpet of familiar lore. The long conflict between the good magician and the bad magician, and the eventual victory of the good one, is quite by the card. But the air of the whole thing is so simple and spontaneous that one instinctively accepts recognizable items as elemental rather than commonplace. For a marvel, one does not feel them to be shabby and tiresome properties trotted out in the name of a convention. The story is told with a fine and gentle simplicity of style—that is, of mood and phrase—which marks it as literature of a high order.

The Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works. By John S. P. Tatlock. London: Published for the Chaucer Society by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

It is gratifying to note that a thorough examination of all the questions that pertain to Chaucerian chronology, such as we have in Professor Tatlock's treatise, has resulted in confirming in all essentials the views on the relative chronology of the poet's writings, which have generally prevailed since Prof. Ten Brink's famous discussion of the subject, although in some important instances arguments are here advanced for new datings of individual works. The revolutionary changes which Prof. J. L. Lowes has in recent years proposed in the chronology of Chaucer's middle period have not stood the test of a closer examination. Professor Tatlock's treatise is distinguished by such an unusual combination of acumen and judgment that one cannot but look forward with interest to the promised continuation which is to deal with the evolution of the "Canterbury Tales," the grouping of these tales, the question of revision by the poet, etc. Our author was well-advised in disregarding in the present work the minor poems and in discussing those only of the "Canterbury Tales" whose dates have been most frequently the subject of debate.

Indisputably the most important change of date which Professor Tatlock proposes is in the case of "Troilus and Criseyde," which he would place between Chaucer's return from his first Italian journey and 1377, the probable date of composition of the passage in Gower's "Mirour de l'Omme" which contains the allusion to the "geste de Troylus et de la belle Creseide." In this he is only urging, of course, an idea which he had advanced several years ago, but the argument here is fuller and the author has endeavored, moreover, to meet the objections to his interpretation of the passage raised in the interval by Professor Lowes. We agree with Professor Tatlock that this "geste" should be identified with Chaucer's poem, for, as he properly maintains, the fame of the love-story of Troilus and Cressida only begins with Boccaccio, so that Gower must have had in mind either the "Filostrato" or Chaucer's poem; and since there is no reason whatever to suppose that he understood Italian, he must have been referring to the latter. In support of Professor Tatlock's contention that the love-story in question was not famous before Boccaccio, we may cite from the thirteenth-century French romance, "Amadas et Ydoine," lines 5,857 ff., the long list—fifteen in all—of women who had proved faithless in love. This list includes Iseult, Audain, and others, and the omission of Cressida from it is all the more significant, inasmuch as three of the names are drawn from the legend of Troy—Œnone, Helen, and Polyxena. The author is even impudent enough to charge with disloyalty characters like Penelope, who were really types of fidelity. We have noted two or three similar lists in the Arthurian prose romances, also, but in none of them is Cressida mentioned. As regards Professor Lowes's suggestion that Gower might have known of Boccaccio's poem through Chaucer, before the latter had begun his "Troilus and Criseyde," one may answer that Chaucer was unlikely to delay adapting the "Filostrato" after he had once mastered the contents of the poem. He doubtless brought back a manuscript of it from Italy with him in 1373, and it seems singular that with the admiration which he conceived for Boccaccio's masterpiece he should only have determined to adapt it after so considerable a number of years as is generally assumed. To be sure, there is no absolute reason for supposing that the adaptation was complete at the time that Gower penned the allusion in the "Mirour," for Chaucer and he were in all likelihood closely associated in this period of their lives and might well have often discussed the "Troilus and Criseyde" together during the course of its composition. But in view of the length of time that had elapsed since Chaucer had become familiar with Italian, the allusion is more likely to be to the completed poem.

Coming to the "Legend of Good Women" we observe that Professor Tatlock accepts the so-called F version of the "Prologue" as the earlier form and strengthens the recent arguments of Professor Lowes on the subject by the plausible suggestion that the changes which have rendered the later version inferior were made after the death of Queen Anne of Bohemia and are due to a consideration for the well-known morbid feeling of the King in regard to the memory of his wife, all specific reminders of her being omitted in the revision. But, after all, Queen Anne, who, as our author himself allows, is unquestionably the Alcestis of the "Prologue," is too intimately connected with the poem ever to be effaced from it. Is Chaucer, then, likely to have attempted the impossible?

As to the "Canterbury Tales"—we find ourselves in agreement with Professor Tatlock when he takes 1387 as the year in which they were begun. Whether their composition was carried on as late in the life of the author as is maintained in this book, is too difficult a question to be discussed here. On the possible relations of the "Canterbury Tales" to Boccaccio's "Decameron" we note that Professor Tatlock omits to mention the most serious argument that has yet been made to connect a story in the former collection with one in the latter—namely, that of Pio Rajna with reference to the "Franklin's Tale" in the thirty-second volume of *Romania*. The authority of the writer's name renders this article worthy of particular consideration.

Annals of St. Michael's: **Being the History** of St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, for One Hundred Years, 1807-1907. Compiled by Order of the Vestry. Edited by John Punnett Peters. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The history of St. Michael's Church of this city is more than an account of the founding and growth of a particular parish, with its petty trials, its varying fortunes according to the abilities of its leaders, and its trivial enterprises of merely parochial significance. Such narratives have their place as contributions to local history, and are of interest to those immediately concerned in the affairs described. But the story of St. Michael's constitutes an important part of the history of the development of the upper part of New York city, its old families, its marvellous material changes, its schools, hospitals, orphanages, and institutions for the variously afflicted. Not even the extension of transit facilities in the city can be adequately recorded without the assignment of considerable space to a description of the activities of this parish; and any sketch of the progress of Semitic learning in America and American encouragement of Oriental archæological research would mention with honor the present rector, the author of this volume.

St. Michael's is among the few churches of New York city which have served a particular locality throughout their history. Founded in 1807, in the old Dutch Bloemendael, as a parish of ease for summer residents and families who fled their aristocratic homes on Wall and Broad Streets on account of the ravages of yellow fever, it led a feeble existence until about the middle of the last century. Thomas McClure Peters (father of the present rector), who served the parish for over fifty years, was the leader who gave St. Michael's its great influence in the upper part of this city. The institutions which he founded and conducted with industry and skill, the Sheltering Arms, the Children's Fold, the City Mission Society, the House of Rest for Consumptives, gave him a wide reputation as a philanthropist. The present rector was associated with his father as assistant for ten years. Such a long period of parish leadership, continued in one family and characterized by eminent ability, is very rare if not unique in America. Dr. Peters seems to make good the claim that St. Michael's was the first free church founded in New York, and the first Protestant body to establish a sisterhood. It is noteworthy that both he and his father largely increased their influence through their ability to preach and conduct services in German.

The story is told with fidelity to fact,

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skill in narration, and with an enthusiasm that sustains the reader's attention throughout.

Dante's Vita Nuova. The Società Dantesca's Critical Edition. By Michele Barbi. Pp. cclxxxviii, Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

In 1896, five hundred and seventy-five years after Dante's death, appeared Pio Rajna's critical edition of "De Vulgari Eloquentia," the first excellent edition of any of Dante's works. The end of 1907 was again brilliantly marked for Dante scholars by the publication of Michele Barbi's edition of the "Vita Nuova." Since this volume was announced, fourteen years have elapsed; but every student of Dante will rejoice at a delay which enabled the editor to avail himself of a manuscript discovered not long since in the Capitular library at Toledo. This manuscript, which came from the hand of Giovanni Boccaccio, is the fountainhead of all the manuscripts of the "Vita Nuova" traceable to Boccaccio; it reveals his wonted care, and, though it varies little from other ancient versions, it does away with many doubts. The editor was twice lucky; for, as this volume was on the verge of publication, the lost manuscript from which the edition of 1829 derives, also came to light, and Signor Barbi could insert a correction of the statements made in the section (No. 5) devoted to this edition. Not one word in Dante's handwriting is known to survive; but, as the oldest manuscripts substantially agree, we may now read this love story of the poet's youth in a text essentially as it was completed by Dante.

A fact which may interest even those familiar with the Inquisition is brought forth in Barbi's chapter on the Sermartelli edition, Florence, 1576. That the "Decameron" should have seemed to need censoring in those days of the fierce counter-reform, should excite no surprise; but, as the editor observes, that any one should find in the "Vita Nuova" things that might offend religious feeling, is wonderful. Yet such is the truth: the Inquisition caused every allusion to the Deity, every word belonging to sacred usage, every scriptural quotation, to be changed or removed. *Osanna in excelsis* was cut out, and *beato* was altered to *contento*. It had even become a heresy to call Beatrice "one of the very beautiful angels of Heaven"; she became "*like* one."

The task of collating thirty-nine complete manuscripts and some thirty-six fragments, involving, as it does, the fixing of their relations to each other, is of itself so perplexing that a few defects can be forgiven, though not overlooked. The absence of a full index, for example, and the almost total lack of cross-references, render verifications and corrections difficult. As a whole, however, this volume, second in the series to which it will belong, and first of the Società Dantesca's critical editions of Dante's Italian works, is a good specimen of Italian book-making, and an honor to Italian scholarship. It virtually renders every other text obsolete. There is no commentary, except what textual criticism necessarily involves. It should be added here that Signor Barbi has devoted many pages to *Ortografia*, and on that subject has gathered data extremely precious to those who are endeavoring to ascertain the true character of Tuscan sounds and forms about the year 1300.

Mexico and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. $3.

One is glad to find at last a book on Mexico written by one who is more than the superficial tourist. The latter, too often hurrying through the country, goes home to jot down his impressions, describing Mexico as "a land of lace and lice and love; of flowers and fights and fleas." Mr. Winter writes with the sympathy and insight of one who knows his subject thoroughly. The reader is given briefly the story of Aztec land, of the Conquest, and of the founding of the republic; and, more at length, a picture of the Mexico of to-day—including the climate and scenery as well as the life of the people. The peon is, perhaps, more sympathetically and fully pictured than is the patrician. But this is hardly to be wondered at, for Mexico is the land of the peon. He is as much a part of the landscape as his faithful burro and as the soaring vultures.

Other topics recount the economic resources of the country—agriculture, railways, and mines. Americans should read the following description of business methods in Mexico. Speaking of an Englishman who was a fair example of the successful European drummer, Mr. Winter says:

> He had made this route for years, and was thoroughly conversant with the language, and understood the ways of the people. His methods were a good illustration of the reason why English and German houses have for many decades controlled trade in Spanish America. For several days after arriving in the town, he did nothing but make social calls on his customers, take them to the theatre, and entertain them in a general way. During the next few days he invited them to his room to inspect his stock, which was large and varied. Then he began to take orders. This method seems like a waste of time, but the orders secured were large and well repaid for the time taken. The American drummer could not have controlled his impatience to be on the move and would have made a failure.

It is to be regretted that so admirable a book should contain many sentences as careless as the following: "Arrived at Vera Cruz, the purser still befriended him, he got ashore in a launch loaded with cargo, disguised as a Mexican sailor, while a detachment of soldiers in boats was waiting for him." The illustrations, which are from photographs, are artistic and well chosen, and the entire make-up of the book is attractive.

Science.

A History of Nursing: The Evolution of Nursing Systems from the Earliest Times to the Foundation of the First English and American Training Schools for Nurses. By M. Adelaide Nutting and Lavinia L. Dock. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

As the secondary title suggests, these handsome volumes treat of the nurse herself and of her training, and touch but lightly on the care of the sick, as found in the records of the past. The authors, well known for their active participation in the schooling and organization of nurses, have gathered a large amount of material with much industry and from a great variety of sources. For the most part, well chosen works and compends are freely drawn upon, but here and there, particularly for the more recent periods, there is some use of original sources. The outcome is an instructive as well as entertaining story of many of the endeavors to carry out systematically definite plans for the care of the sick and needy. The first volume brings the narrative from the "pre-Christian" period down to the "pre-Fliedner" movements in the early part of the nineteenth century. The second volume begins with the humble founding of the establishments at Kaiserswerth, in Rhenish Prussia, and the revival of the order of deaconesses. Here stress is laid upon the fact that the wives of Fliedner—Friederike and Caroline—are entitled to much of the credit ordinarily given him for the upbuilding of Kaiserswerth. Then comes a scanty "pre-Nightingale" period, followed by a long, but perhaps not too long, account of Miss Nightingale and her work. She is regarded as the true founder of the training school, the originator and patron saint of the really trained nurse. Later developments are considered briefly, the story of quite recent times being left for another book, which the authors hope to publish. Let us add that these two volumes are pleasantly written, barring some reportorial fancies in the second volume, and are liberally illustrated with pictures germane to the text, even if not always necessary. The picture of the greater Béguinage at Ghent (I. 258) is misleading, that site being no longer occupied by the community, which removed to other buildings outside the city more than thirty years ago.

Even a casual reader will hardly fail to note, what is also mentioned but too little emphasized, how largely the earlier charitable and sanatory undertakings almost without exception depended upon personal influence or somewhat local conditions, and how frequently they flourished only so long as the impulse given by a strong personality lasted, and then, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, degenerated into undesirable or useless establishments. And the central thought of the book seems to be that the nurse of earlier times was herself the product of circumstances, of more or less accidental conditions; that she came and went with certain social tides, and reflected in her status and success the changes in the relation of woman to the social order; while the modern nurse, on the other hand, is the product of training carefully planned and deliberately undertaken, and stands for the solidarity of an occupation or "profession," for the furtherance of individual aims, rather than for the work of a school or order. How this individualism, and all that goes with it, is to affect public interests and the practice of medicine is a question of great import, which has already caused some discussion. Here and there our authors plainly indicate high ideals concerning the occupation of the nurse. To some they may perhaps seem to magnify their office and to desire to treat nursing as an indepen-

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dent part of medicine, coördinate with recognized specialties. Just what they, as representative nurses, really wish will probably come out more fully in the later volume to which we shall look forward with interest.

W. S. Harwood has prepared a second edition of his account of Luther Burbank and his work, "New Creations in Plant Life" (The Macmillan Co.). In the preface he notes: "Statements in this volume, both those which have a scientific and those which have a practical bearing, stand unreservedly vouched for by Mr. Burbank." Comparatively few changes have been made, so that one can say of this as of the first edition, that it is a readable account of a remarkable man.

The title of "Nature and Development of Plants," by Carlton C. Curtis, instructor in botany in Columbia University (Henry Holt & Co.), seems unintentionally misleading. It deals with the nature and development of plants, to be sure, and with nothing else, but it so deals with them as to render the work an excellent handbook for serious beginners, who might perhaps infer from the title that this is a mere volume of reference, rather than a pleasant guide to their lecture-room and laboratory work. The first part, devoted to the "Nature of Plants," is a capital introduction to vegetable morphology and physiology; the second part treats of the great groups of flowerless and flowering plants. A careful examination has shown the treatise to be trustworthy. It is, moreover, interesting, and it should be very useful.

In "Comparative Electro-Physiology," a handsome book of 760 pages and many illustrations (Longmans, Green & Co.), J. C. Bose of Presidency College, Calcutta, gives an extension and conclusion of his studies on responsive phenomena, begun some years ago, and already partly made known in two other books as well as in various addresses and communications to scientific societies. With much patience and great ingenuity the author has examined the behavior of plants under the influence of various stimulations, and has extended the investigation to animal structures and also to metals. He seeks to show not only that his earlier assertion of the absence of any real distinction between "sensitive" plants and others is correct, but also, as a far-reaching generalization, that the responses of all living substances are similar, and that responses are to be found even in inorganic substances. The similarity depends on some common fundamental reaction of matter. The response is recorded largely by electrical methods. Motor responses are also considered, particularly in plants; but they are treated also rather less fully in animals. In this connection astonishing observations are reported, which show a nerve stimulated by tetanizing currents to be capable of "a contraction of as much as 20 per cent." There is much to arouse interest and provoke controversy, for many of the author's conclusions are far from being in accord with the prevailing views. A discussion of these conclusions, or even the briefest statement of them and of the experimental evidence on which they are based, would be too special for these columns. It is, however, not hypercritical to say even here, as has been said elsewhere concerning some of the earlier work of the author on plants, that an independent confirmation of many of these observations is very desirable.

"The World's Peoples," by A. H. Keane (G. P. Putnam's Sons), recalls to some degree that author's "Ethnology" and "Man Past and Present"; it is, however, more available as a text-book. It would be still more valuable if its professed intent had been adhered to; for his intention was the selection of "really typical 'samples' from a multiplicity of claimants," and the avoidance of perplexing or debatable topics. In general the latter object is attained, and there is, at least in the early part of the book, a strenuous attempt to be simple and clear. This is well; and success might here have been greater if the first-named purpose had also been carried out. But, like Peschel and Ratzel, to name only the most prominent authors of ethnographies, Mr. Keane has too little system and perspective, and exhibits too little power of renunciation. It is as if the author, debating with himself as to whether or not a certain imperfectly known tribe or group should be included, was led to decide in the affirmative because some choice bit of material that appealed to him chanced to lie among his notes. The result is that the student or reader learns nothing tangible or distinctive about the tribe in question, and that the impression of confusion, which must at best be strong enough, is needlessly heightened. Now that anthropology is coming more and more into its own, the need of a good college text-book in ethnography is pressing. Before one can go far with the development of human institutions, he must have a body of concise and systematized information concerning the early forms of the industrial organization, marriage systems, etc. This is not furnished in the volume under review. Mr. Keane gives about a third of his space to illustrations, which are of varying quality, some extremely poor. There is no map, which is a pity, for ethnography, least of all the social sciences, can be studied apart from geography.

Dr. Irving Wilson Voorhees has written a little book of analysis and eulogy on "The Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley." Those who are interested in the writings of that brave champion of what he regarded as the truth will find Dr. Voorhees's chapters a useful guide to Huxley's central ideas (Broadway Publishing Company).

The first International Laryngo-rhinological Congress will be held in Vienna, April 21 to 25.

Drama.

Henrik Ibsen. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Volume I.: Lady Inger of Östråt; The Feast at Solhoug; Love's Comedy. Volume XI: Little Eyolf; John Gabriel Borkman; When We Dead Awaken. With introduction by William Archer and E. H. Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 each.

Fate has not been kind to Ibsen in picking his champions within the English-speaking world. Another illustration of this fact is furnished by Mr. Gosse's contribution to the Literary Lives Series. The book marks at the best a chance missed. If the failure be not complete, it is because the field was practically virgin. The only similar work with which Mr. Gosse has had to compete is that of Henrik Jaeger, written in 1888; and only since that date has the best material for the study of Ibsen's life become available. Of this material Mr. Gosse has possessed himself with an industry that cannot be denied; but the results are not correspondent to the effort. Mr. Gosse's book is more complete than those of Jaeger and Rudolph Lothar, and it is also more concise; but it falls short of both in understanding and in sympathy. Indeed, the most serious fault of Mr. Gosse's work is in its tone, which often becomes petulant. The only possible explanation of this strange attitude seems to be that by suppressing enthusiasm he is trying to prove his scrupulous fairness. But he succeeds only in making the reader doubt the sincerity of his respect for Ibsen. Another shortcoming is a pedantic preoccupation with detail. Mr. Gosse often steps aside from the straight path of his narrative to attack some critical theory that he does not approve. As a rule the issues involved are insignificant.

Mr. Gosse is also convinced that he knows more about the workings of Ibsen's mind than did the dramatist himself. For example, the various prose writings from Ibsen's second Christiania period give abundant evidence of the considerations that led to his choice of form for such dramas as "Olaf Liljekrans" and "The Feast at Solhoug." All this evidence is disregarded by Mr. Gosse, who asserts, on his own authority alone, that Ibsen "set himself, as a task, to write in the manner of Herz." If, however, Mr. Gosse had profited by the work of those Scandinavian critics whom he holds in such slight regard, he would have seen that there was just cause for the dramatist's irate disclaimer of indebtedness to the author of "Svend Dyrings Huus," while on the other hand his debt to Johan Ludvig Heiberg was as great as it was freely acknowledged. Although Mr. Gosse constantly speaks as if he had personal knowledge of what Ibsen knew and did not know, most of his information on this matter is evidently drawn from John Paulsen's "Samliv Med Ibsen." But, why he has accepted some and arbitrarily contradicted other statements of the Norwegian writer is hard to understand. Thus, Paulsen says explicitly that Ibsen was familiar from childhood with Schiller and Goethe, and he adds, in his chapter on "Ibsen and Goethe": "Ibsen spoke rarely of Goethe, to whom he owed so much, but when he did so, it was always with admiration." Yet Mr. Gosse writes that Ibsen "was strangely ignorant of Schiller and Heine, and hostile to Goethe." Paulsen explains that Ibsen had a strong aversion to certain phases of Goethe's personal life, but that this aversion in no way affected his judgment of Goethe's work.

Taking it all in all, the figure of Ibsen reflected by the curved mirror of Mr. Gosse's mind is almost a caricature. Still the book is not without merits. It is briskly written, though not always in good

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taste, and it gives a fairly just estimate of the plays.

Of the first and last volumes of the translation of Ibsen's works, completing the set, little need to be said in addition to our comments on previous volumes. The inclusion of Professor Herford's translation of "Love's Comedy" is a great gain. Besides the usual introductions to each play by Mr. Archer, the first volume contains in a general preface his defence of the policy of preferring literalness rather than adequate literary equivalence in the translations. For this policy he takes on his own shoulders the whole responsibility.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. bring out together three new volumes of their First Folio Shakespeare, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, viz.: "The Tragedie of Othello," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." There is undoubtedly at the present moment a tendency to exaggerate the importance of every reading shown by the First Folio, and at least three editions reproducing the spelling of that text are now going through the press. Of these the above-named edition is the most convenient and for the general reader decidedly the best. We have already had occasion to praise the admirable work of these editors, but it will not be amiss to set forth once more the method employed by them. First comes an Introduction, sometimes, we confess, a little too much in the air for our pedestrian taste. The text follows, reproducing the spelling of the First Folio, with the important variants ancient and modern below; especially to be commended is the scheme of printing the equivalent of obsolete words in the immediate margin where the eye catches them at a glance. Successive appendixes give the "Argument," "Sources," "Duration of the Action," "Date of Composition," "Early Editions," "Literary Illustrations," "Glossary," "A List of Variorum Readings," and "Selected Criticism." Everything is compact, and the general arrangement the most convenient known to us. The type is clear and the volume pleasant to hold.

Mme. Vera Komisarzhevsky of the Dramatic Theatre of St. Petersburg, who made her first appearance in this country in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, fully justified her claim to be regarded as an actress of the first rank by her performance of Norah in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." It is a pity that she did not select some play calling for a higher order of emotional interpretation, but such power as she exhibited is welcome under almost any circumstances. She and her company have been working together for many years, a fact which accounts for the remarkable smoothness and naturalness of the representation. It was delightful to note the easy and unaffected grouping of the players and the entire absence of anything like theatrical formality. Her Norah was chiefly remarkable, perhaps—especially in the first half of the play—for its realism. Finished as it was, to the nails, with an amount of minute elaboration seldom seen upon the modern stage, it was so spontaneous and natural, that it conveyed a very strong illusion of reality. Particularly noteworthy were the variety of gesture and the eloquent changes of facial expression, not only in the more stirring episodes, with Torvald or Krogstad, but in the quieter intimate conversations with Fru Linde. Mme. Komisarzhevsky proved herself capable in expressing both violent emotion and lighter sentiment. In the crisis of the Tarentella she played with an intensity of suppressed agitation that was exceedingly impressive; and she created her effects with assured ease and certainty of execution. If she made no brilliant demonstration of tragic power, it was probably because the play afforded no opportunity. In general conception her Norah was at least as plausible as that of any of her predecessors, while in richness of detail it perhaps excelled all of them. Undoubtedly Mme. Komisarzhevsky is a performer of rare skill as well as a woman of much charm. All persons capable of appreciating fine acting ought to see her and her company. But it would be useless to ignore the fact that she must depend chiefly upon her own countrymen for active financial support, and unless they prove more enthusiastic than the Italians did in the case of Novelli, it is difficult to see how she can carry out her engagement without heavy loss.

"Samson," the new play by Henri Bernstein, author of "The Thief," will have its first American production in the Lyceum Theatre of this city September 8.

Music.

Claude-Achille Debussy. By Mrs. Franz Liebich. New York: John Lane Co. $1.

Mrs. Liebich appears to have labored under serious disadvantages in preparing this volume on the most conspicuous of the younger French composers. His most important work, "Pelléas et Mélisande," not having been heard yet on the operatic stage in London, she has been obliged to rely on the piano-forte version of the score; and of Debussy's life the details given barely suffice to fill a page. We are told that he was born at St. Germain-en-Laye on August 22, 1862; that he studied at the Paris Conservatoire; that he received several composition prizes, and, finally, in 1884, the Grand Prix de Rome; that he is unapproachable to strangers, but popular with his intimates, because of his geniality, his fantastic imagination, his rare powers of improvisation and entertainment; that of late years circumstances have enabled him to gratify his love of travel. Regarding the intimate details of his career he is stubbornly silent. Apparently, Debussy is not greedy of contemporary favor; at any rate, he is credited with this remark:

> Can you imagine anything greater than a man unknown through long centuries whose secret is accidentally deciphered? To have been one of these men—this is the highest honor fame can bestow.

This honor, alas! has been denied him; he is now in the limelight of publicity. He still obdurately refuses to be photographed, yet Mrs. Liebich has succeeded in getting a good frontispiece for her volume, taken from the picture by Jacques Blanche. In fine, Debussy's attempt to hide his light under a bushel has failed miserably. His partisans are proclaiming from the housetops that he is revolutionary and epoch-making.

While Mrs. Liebich does not try to trace the musical genealogy of Debussy any more than his personal ancestry, she does tell us of the composers whom he has admired most, and who therefore were the most likely to influence him. Bach he liked at an early age because of his elasticity and freedom; Weber, because of his love of the fantastic and his affinity with the unfathomable soul of nature. As a student in Rome he ardently studied the music of Russian composers, especially that of Moussorgsky. In Wagner's "Ring" operas he disliked the leading motives, and, to cite his own words, "the long moments of ennui. . . . Then suddenly the most supremely lovely music, irresistible as the sea, surges into one's ears and criticism flies to the winds." More important, however, than his impressions of other men's music in forming his own mind were, apparently, the overtones of bells and bugles which he heard as a youth while serving with his regiment at Évreux. Those dissonant upper partial tones "were keenly observed by him and annotated for future use." In her second chapter the author makes a futile attempt to show how, by utilizing these dissonant overtones, Debussy enriched modern harmony. As a matter of fact, there is little that is new in his dissonant chords, except his anarchistic disregard of musical morals and grammar. His trademark lies in certain progressions of unrelated augmented chords. His trick is easily copied and parodied; nothing is more usual at musical gatherings to-day than the playing by some clever pianist of a popular tune *à la* Debussy in such a way as to make everybody laugh.

In the piano-forte pieces, which are only just coming into vogue, one meets with this same trademark. Of the songs our author gives an eloquent account; she finds much to admire in them. Of "Le Tombeau des Naïades," for instance, she says:

> The clear-cut tonalities of the accompaniment, with its reiterated shuddering groups of ascending semi-quavers, the sustained uniformity of clear utterance, the accacciatura in front of the chords, all combine to produce an effect of chill and cold and the uniformity of a snow-swept landscape.

In the last chapter Debussy is considered as a writer and critic; he contributed criticisms to the *Revue Blanche* and *Gil Blas* for two years, and in this work his individual point of view is always conspicuous. To cite only one instance: he expresses a dislike of unnecessary applause at concerts. "In looking at a sunset," he remarks, "has it ever occurred to you to applaud?" The question is more apposite than it may seem, for much of Debussy's music is as ethereal and evanescent as a sunset—"a sonorous impressionism." J. F. Millet expressed the wish to make others hear "the songs, the silences, the rustlings of the air." Debussy has endeavored to do this in his tone poems.

The Baroness Pauline Walhofen-Lucca, a famous prima donna in her day, died in Vienna February 28. She was born in Vienna in 1841 of Italian parents. While still in her teens she entered the chorus of the opera. Her first rôle was Elvira in "Ernani." She was extremely popular in

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Europe, and in 1872 she visited the United States, where she repeated her triumphs.

Art.

Below the Cataracts. Written and illustrated with sixty plates in color by Walter Tyndale. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 8vo. Pp. xi, 271. $3.50 net.

This is one of the most beautiful of recent books on Egypt. It is the work of an artist possessing not only technical ability, but a facile pen. His illustrations are all excellent, and some of them are gems. They are in color, and as a rule are beyond complaint. If one must criticise, it is in the matter of the clarity of the tints used, due probably to the great difficulty of giving accurately the subdued or dimmed effects wrought by time. Some of the pictures, too, are composite in one respect: where figures are grouped, the costumes of the subjects are evidently chosen from types which surely exist, but which are seldom seen all at the same moment. But as this method serves to illustrate actual costumes which one may see in the course of a stroll in Old Cairo, it may be accepted as an advantage to the reader.

The pictures deal in the main with Cairo and Thebes, the rest of Egypt being left for a subsequent volume. One is taken the round of the picturesque streets and scenes of the native portion of Cairo, to mosques, markets, shops, courtyards, doorways, and houses. It is vain to attempt to catalogue all that is given. And accompanying the pictures is the text from the hand of a sympathetic and intelligent observer, one whose eye is open to artistic effects and whose hand is ready to record them both in color and in ink. After reading what Mr. Tyndale has to say about the technical artistic ability of the Egyptian native artist of the early ages, one is in a better position to appreciate what one sees. It might be wished that every intending visitor to the Nile-land might read some sections at least of this book. The observer who stands before a wall painting, for example, which contains a representation of a player on a lute does not realize the skill of the artist who drew separate free-hand lines to represent the strings of the instrument: and it takes the educated eye to see the harmony of design and the skill of execution shown in the composition of a huge relief on an outer temple-wall. With such guidance as this book affords one can enter into the spirit and appreciate the delicacy and excellence of the performance.

To visitors of the Metropolitan Museum in New York his text will have a special interest, in that he gives an account of the methods employed and of the success attained in making plaster casts of the reliefs which depict the famous expedition sent out by Queen Hatasu (Hatshepsu) from Thebes by way of the Red Sea to the land of Punt (the Somali coast), which are intended to adorn the walls of the Egyptian room in the Museum. The series promises to form one of the most striking exhibits in any museum in the world, and it will probably be as near to the original as can be expected in the case of work of such extreme difficulty and delicacy both in respect of execution and coloring.

In her old-fashioned quarto, "Flower Grouping in English, Scotch, and Irish Gardens" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Miss Margaret Waterfield, author of an attractive earlier volume, "Garden Colour," offers fifty-six sketches of gardens, with decidedly impressionistic effect. In no case has she sought detail. Broad washes of color, with practically no definition in the foreground, give only the merest general suggestion of the plant groups, while the trees and other objects in the background are even more indistinct. It is questionable whether any one familiar with gardens could possibly identify more than one-half of the flowers here depicted. The author has produced charming color effects, and the photographic reproducer has accomplished his task well. The accompanying text is from many friendly hands, but there is no editing to speak of. And yet that matters little in illustrated garden literature. Even the most inexperienced amateur has something to say which is of interest to somebody. In their attachments, garden lovers are not unlike those whom Miss Caroline Fuller describes in more serious matters:

> Every girl in [we refrain from mentioning where] is engaged to some man all the time, and all of the men some of the time, so as to keep on the safe side. It is just like a well-appointed dinner, where you are never left without a plate before you.

In the attractive and ample supply of garden literature, every garden lover ought to find abundant companionship.

Bobbin lace-making is the least expensive of handicrafts, its only necessary equipment being pillow, thread, and bobbins, with which even a neophyte can produce an article possessing both practical and artistic value. Since its reputed invention by Barbara Uttmann, in 1561, it has become an extensive industry on the Continent, and with time has developed a considerable literature of its own. In this country, however, although there are authoritative books for the collector, the bobbin lace worker has had to rely upon scattered articles in magazines and upon inadequate instruction books published by manufacturers of linen thread or of lace looms. The American edition of "Pillow Lace, a Practical Handbook," by Elizabeth Mincoff and Margaret S. Marriage (E. P. Dutton & Co.), changes all this. Those who desire to know and apply the principles underlying a large class of laces, will find it an almost inexhaustible treasure house. Though a little bulky, it is a practical manual. One-fifth of its space is devoted to an excellent summary of historical facts more or less familiar to students of lace, and the remaining four-fifths to patterns and directions. The authors divide bobbin lace into four general classes: Tape Lace, whose design is formed by a curved tape, as in modern Russian lace; Plaited Lace, formed by lines made with one or two pairs of bobbins, a type familiar in sixteenth and seventeenth century patterns; Grounded Lace, consisting of solid figures on a lighter net background—an aristocratic class including Mechlin, Valenciennes, and Chantilly; and Guipure, of solid figures connected by plaits and twists—a large variety represented by Cluny, Maltese, and Saxon. When blended with tape lace, Guipure produces Honiton, Duchesse, and Brussels. For the most part the directions are so plain that she who runs may weave. Those for Russian lace could be followed by any child; but the Torchon directions, on the other hand, might be simplified by numbering the bobbins from the left instead of calling them "pair from A," "pair from B," etc. There is a useful table comparing the sizes of thread from different manufacturers, a glossary of French and German terms, and a valuable bibliography. The only pity is that the title "Pillow Lace" should have been chosen to designate the laces made with bobbins, since all laces, even needlepoint and knotted, employ a pillow.

Word has been received from Dr. Randall MacIver, head of the University of Pennsylvania's expedition to northern Egypt, announcing the discovery of a vase whose inscriptions indicate that it belonged to Cleopatra. The vase was in a niche of one of the ancient tombs at Anibeh, and with it were found two ebony boxes containing toilet articles of ivory and gold. Dr. MacIver has also found specimens of pottery and metal articles of the early Roman period. They will soon be shipped to this country and exhibited in the university museums.

A memorial exhibition of the work of Saint-Gaudens is now open at the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. The collection will remain on view for at least six weeks. Many of the smaller objects have been lent to the Museum, and large pieces of statuary are represented by plaster casts or photographs.

Paintings by Bruce Crane are on exhibition at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, till March 14. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are paintings by Walter L. Palmer, Noé's, March 14; pictures by George H. Storey, Powell's, March 14; etchings by Bracquemond and Félix Buhot, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s March 25.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 15, the following prices were paid for drawings: Rosa Bonheur, Peasants and Sheep, £357; Vicat Cole, Harvest Time, £126; C. Fielding, Llyn Tal-y-Llyn and Cader Iris, £147; Birket Foster, The Rialto, Venice, £105; J. Holland, In Venice, £126; J. Israëls, Sailing a Toy Boat, £325. A painting, Dolly, by Sir Luke Fildes, brought £220.

Finance.

RECOVERY FROM PANIC DEPRESSION.

Even while the recent financial panic was still acute, the length of the resultant period of trade reaction was eagerly discussed. Naturally, therefore, when panic itself has disappeared, but when business has contracted, production has been curtailed, and laborers have been discharged, the probable duration of the depression has become a still more vital topic. The consensus of opinion has been that the period would not be so long as it was after 1893, when continuous recovery did not come until 1897, or as it was after 1873, when revival on a large scale was deferred until 1879.

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This belief in a shorter term of "hard times" was based chiefly on the three great advantages possessed by the country now as compared with either 1873 or 1893—its sound currency, the strong position of the national treasury, and the independent wealth of the agricultural communities. Some of the financiers whose opinions were published at the opening of the year went so far as to predict that depression would be ended by next July. When the productive industries, which had all but stopped during the two months of suspension of cash payments and paralysis of credit, began cautiously to resume in January and February, the habitual optimism of the community asserted itself. In some quarters, it was said that the "boom" of 1906 and 1907, interrupted by the breakdown of credit in October, would now be resumed on its former scale. Announcements from nearly all branches of trade, that business was showing great improvement, were taken as proof of this belief.

The inference was rather hasty. It is true that trade is more active than it was; but that is in comparison, not with this time last year, or even with last August, but with the complete stagnation of December. In the steel and iron industry, for example, production a year ago was going on to the full extent of the country's capacity; orders could not even be taken in hand except after long delay. During December, on the other hand, barely 28 per cent. of the producing capacity was at work. In February, the ratio had risen to 50 per cent. That is to say, the mills were nearly twice as busy as in the month of suspended payments, but only one-half as busy as in February, 1907. In another very different line, dry goods, the arrival of many jobbers in New York in February, when they had hardly troubled themselves to look over agents' price lists in December, was described in some current reports as the renewal of a "commercial boom." In actual fact, neither the number of buyers nor the volume of purchases came anywhere near the figures of twelve months before; prices had been cut 20 to 30 per cent. in order to attract trade; and the sudden appearance of these jobbers was largely a consequence of the almost total suspension of purchases during the panic months.

In short, the practical business man has discerned, as some of the more enthusiastic critics have not, that the course of events in general trade has been precisely that of the stock market; which, indeed, on this occasion as on others, had foreshadowed and is undoubtedly now foreshadowing, the conditions for a somewhat later date. On the Stock Exchange, the market reached its lowest prices on the panic day, October 24; remained in a state of suspended activity during November; advanced and declined uncertainly in December; burst into sudden activity, with rapidly rising prices, during January; and in February fell into such dulness and inertia as had not been seen in four years or more. To-day, it is drifting idly, with prices 25 to 75 points below those of March, 1907, and with volume of business 70 per cent. smaller.

These are the plain facts; they leave the question open, what the next general movement will be, and when sustained activity and prosperity may again be looked for. For one thing, the country is not troubled by the financial disorder which was prevalent in 1894. In February of that year the currency and the treasury began to suffer the full effects of the shock of 1893. Secretary Carlisle had been forced by the scanty surplus and by the rapidly diminishing revenue, to use for ordinary expenditure the gold reserve maintained against government notes. From the stipulated $100,000,000, this reserve was thereby reduced to $65,000,000. The Treasury offered $50,000,000 bonds to make good the loss; the loan nearly failed, and when it was taken, subscribers presented United States notes at the Treasury to get the gold with which to pay subscriptions. The standard of value was confessedly in peril, and consequently every semblance of confidence in business disappeared. In these regards, conditions to-day are radically different from those of fourteen years ago. Public revenues are, to be sure, decreasing as rapidly as in 1894; but the Treasury still has $220,000,000 on deposit in national banks; and the government notes are protected by $150,000,000 gold, absolutely set aside for the purpose. Moreover, the prospect of depreciation of the currency itself, one primary cause of delay in recovery after 1893, is no longer present.

The sequel to 1873, however, was equally free from such difficulties; and, what is more interesting, perhaps, the tone of popular discussion, at the same distance from the panic, as that at which we stand to-day, was distinctly hopeful. Similar predictions of quick reaction, based on similar incidents, were heard in February, 1874. The wheat and cotton crops were above the average, and the increasing excess of merchandise exports over imports, of which much is made to-day, was more than paralleled by the turning of the $119,656,000 excess of imports, in the fiscal year 1873, into $18,876,000 excess of exports in the ensuing twelvemonth. Yet it was more than five years before prosperity had returned in full vigor.

It will naturally be asked, whether, in other respects, the present case so closely resembles that of 1873 as to indicate so long a depression. In some points—notably in the violence of the strain on capital, and the over-exploiting of credit—there is much resemblance. The country is facing some extensive liquidation, just as after 1873; and the buying capacity of the nation must accordingly be curtailed. Aside from this reaction after inflation, the length of the period of depression after 1873 was due to three important causes: a depreciated currency; the financial weakness of Europe, which prevented a stimulus to our industries from that quarter; and a serious collision between capital and labor. The first of these three causes is not present to-day. The second is certainly a smaller factor; for in the seventies France was exhausted by the Prussian War. The relations of capital and labor, as affected by slackening activity and fall in wages, remain for future solution. One further cause has been sometimes alleged for the slowness of recovery after 1873—the decrease in the world's production of gold during 1874, when the output of the precious metal was $5,500,000 short of 1873 and $17,500,000 short of 1871, the greater part of this decrease occurring in the United States. But it must be remembered that gold production, both in America and in the world at large, increased very rapidly after 1874—as it also did, in fact, after 1894. Yet this increase seemed to have no definite influence in shortening the period of depression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

About, Edmond. Le Roi des Montagnes. Edited by Otto Patzer. Holt.
Ames, Oakes. Studies in the Family Orchidaceæ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Animal Industry, Twenty-third Annual Report of the Bureau of. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Bacon's Essays. Edited by Clark S. Northrup. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cts.
Bailey, Solon I. Peruvian Meteorology. Cambridge, Mass. Published by the Observatory.
Boigne, Memoirs of the Comtesse de. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Vol. III. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation. Edited by William T. Davis. Scribners. $3 net.
Butler, H. E. The Goal of Life. Applegate, Cal.: Esoteric Pub. Co. $2.
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. Flower o' the Orange. Macmillan. $1.50.
Catalogue of Books annotated and arranged and provided by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh for use of the First Eight Grades in the Pittsburgh Schools. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library.
Cavanagh, Francis. The Care of the Body. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Cobb, Thomas. The Chichester Intrigue. John Lane Co. $1.50.
Conant, Martha Pike. The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cook, Frederick A. To the Top of the Continent. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.
Crampton, Henry Edward. Zoölogy. Columbia University Press.
Cromer, The Earl of. Modern Egypt. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6 net.
Daudet's Choix de Contes. Selected and edited by C. Fontaine. Boston: Heath.
Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Edited by J. W. Abernethy. Charles E. Merrill Co.
Draper, George Otis. More. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.
Education, Report of the Commissioner of. Vol. 2. Government Printing Office.
Everly, Lu Lester, and others. Laboratory Lessons in Physical Geography. American Book Co.
Field Museum Publications: Jesse M. Greenman, New or Noteworthy Spermatophytes; Seth E. Meek, Notes on Fresh Water Fishes from Mexico and Central America; Ned Dearborn, Catalogue of a Collection of Birds from Guatemala; Oliver C. Farrington, Meteorite Studies; Arthur W. Slocum, New Crinoids from the Chicago Area. Chicago.
Fisher, H. A. L. Bonapartism. Henry Frowde. $1.15.

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Ginneken, Jac. van. Principes de Linguistique psychologique. Leipzig.
Goethe's Vicar of Sesenheim. Edited by A. B. Nichols. Holt.
Gold, Grace. How to Be Happy. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Hazard, Caroline. A Scallop Shell of Quiet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Henderson, David. The Art of Reconnaissance. Dutton.
Hitchcock, Alfred M. Words and Sentences. Holt.
Hoyle's Standard Games. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Jerningham, Sir Hubert. From West to East. Dutton. $4 net.
Knight, E. F. Over-Sea Britain. Dutton. $2 net.
Ladd, George Trumbull. In Korea with Marquis Ito. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Lee, E. Markham. Grieg. London: George Bell & Sons.
Lee, Frederick Schiller. Physiology. Columbia University Press.
Lewis, George Randall. The Stannaries. Vol. III. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Litta, Duke. The Soul of a Priest. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Masson, John. Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Miles, Eustace. The Power of Concentration. Dutton. $1.25 net.
National Education Association. Proceedings of the Forty-Fifth Meeting Held at Los Angeles, July, 1907. Winona, Minn.: Published by the Association.
Page, Thomas Nelson. The Old Dominion, Her Making and Her Manners. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Pillsbury, W. B. Attention. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Pope, Paul R. German Composition. Holt.
Prior, James. A Walking Gentleman. Dutton. $1.50.
Rand, Benjamin. Modern Classical Philosophers. Boston: Houghton, Miffin & Co. $2.50 net.
Rees, Kelley. The Rule of Three Actors in the Classical Greek Drama. University of Chicago Press.
Richards, Herbert Maule. Botany. Columbia University Press.
Robbins, Helen H. Our First Ambassador to China. Dutton. $5 net.
Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide to Europe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Rothensteiner, John. Heliotrope. St. Louis: B. Herder.
Rouire, Dr. La Rivalité Anglo-Rousse au XIXe Siècle en Asie. Paris: Armand Colin.
Salisbury, Rollin D. Physiography. Holt.
Shakespeare's Tempest.—The Winter's Tale. —Othello. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Crowell.
Somerville, Frederick H. Elementary Algebra. American Book Co. $1.
Stall, Sylvanus. Five Minute Object Sermons to Children. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co. $1 net.
Stevens, Isaac N. The Liberators. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Street, Julian. My Enemy the Motor. John Lane Co.
Taylor, Mary Imlay. The Reaping. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Townsend, E. J. and G. A. Goodenough. First Course in Calculus. Holt.
Tschudi, Clara. Ludwig the Second. Translated by Ethel Harriet Hearn. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Tuckerman, Julius. Simplicité: French Pronunciation. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Washburn, Margaret Floy. The Animal Mind. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
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